

My Life

by Berk'sWarrior

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Summary: Smallkit never had much. He had no friends, he was small and had a deadened left hind leg, and his father thought of him as nothing. What he didn't realize was that so much was going to change: for better or for worse of Riverclan. Rated T just because I'm paranoid (no bad words, unless mouse-brain and foxdung and all that count ;) ). I may change it later.

## 1. Chapter 1

**\*\*A/N:** Hey everyone! this is my first crossover, and of course it has to be of my favorite movie and books! perfect right...? anyway, i think Fishlegs's warrior name will just be Fishlegs, 'cause it kinda sounds like a warrior name.**\*\***

**\*\*hope you enjoy!\*\***

\* \* \*

><p>Ch 1<p>

Hi. My name's Smallkit.

Great name I know, but my dad thinks it suits me.

I'm a small, creamy brown, tabby born with my left hind leg dead, unable to ever be used. It may look now as if I'll never become a warrior, but I'll show them all wrong! I live with the rest of my clan in Riverclan, one of the four powerful warrior cat clans; Riverclan, Shadowclan, Thunderclan, and Windclan.

Right now, I live in the nursery with my denmates Thornkit (Snotlout), an already well-muscled tabby who just happens to be my cousin, Fishkit (Fishlegs) a clumsy cream colored long-furred kit, Flamekit (Astrid) a slender, sleek-furred, yellowed tabby, and Icekit and Eaglekit (Ruffnut and Tuffnut), two tortoiseshell siblings. My

mother, Hawkstep, is always trying to encourage me to play with them.

She nudged me forward towards the play group, "Come on! Smallkit, you'll never make friends if you don't try!"

I dug my claws into the ground, "I don't wannaâ€¦" but my mother is strong, and she pushed me to my feet, sending me flying. I got up watching Thornkit pretend that a ball of moss from the elders- or really just elder, we only have one. Her name is Stoneeye. She says Starclan can show her the future, but I don't believe it. Only Medicine cats can do that.

"Hey! Pass it over here!" Fishkit mewed with excitement, joining in the game. Flamekit raised her paw, ready to bat it to him, but was stopped short when I walked up.

I shuffled my paws, staring at the ground in front of me; I've asked to play before, but never with positive results. "C-Can I play too?"

Thornkit just looked at me and rolled his eyes, but then smirked. "Sure, we're about to play a new game. You're on Icekit's and Eaglekit's team."

"What? We don't want dead-foot! He'll just slow us down!" Eaglekit growled. His sister nodded with him, but less enthusiastically.

Thornkit pounced on him and whispered in his ear something. Eaglekit stopped complaining, and Thornkit got off of him, back to where he was standing with Fishkit and Flamekit.

"We're going to play hide and seek," Thornkit smiled "We're going to hide, you seek." My ears perked as I lightened. "Ok!"

I bounded over to the side of the nursery, placing my paws over my eyes. "Oneâ€¦twoâ€¦threeâ€¦fourâ€¦five! Ready or not, here I come!" I squealed as I bounded away from the nursery. I limped around; I haven't been so far from the nursery. Cats were everywhere.

I think I remember names. Redleafâ€¦Pinewillowâ€¦and my dad. Falconstarâ€¦the leader. He was the one that chose my name. he walked into the nursery, took one look at me, and shouted out my future name. or, at least that's what my mother said.

The camp was huge. I found myself underneath a bush near what seemed like the warrior's den. "T-Thornkit? Flamekit! Where are you?" I was suddenly yanked out from under the bush and thrown out into the clearing.

"What do you think you're doing?" \_uh ohâ€¦Stormtail!\_ Stormtail was Flamekit's father, but that made no difference. Others gathered around as he yelled at me.

"I'm tired of all these kits running around! You should stick to the nursery, not disturb senior warriors!"

And with that my dad came out, looked at me, and shook his head. I turned around and saw the rest of the kits laughing. Well, almost

everyone; Flamekit look a bit embarrassed that her dad was yelling, but she glared at me with distaste.

0o0o0

Hawkstep licked the tuft of fur on top of my head. "It's alrightâ€¦ Stormtail's just grumpy." She meowed. I shook my head, trying to get away from her. "Mom!" I tripped over a stray piece of moss. Just my luck.

Suddenly my father ducked in through the doorway. I immediately rose from the ground. "Falconstar!" I tried to sit up as tall as I could, hiding my bad leg.

"I heard you annoyed Stormtail today." He looked down at me with gray, annoyed eyes.

I looked down at the ground, closing my eyes, taking the wrath.

"I don't know what I'm going to do with you, Smallkit. You're clumsy, don't listen-" "Blame my legâ€¦" I muttered. He glared at me. "These are not good things to find in a warrior! You have a reputation to fill; you're my son! Start acting like you are."

With that he walked out of the nursery, and began talking to the hunting patrol that just came in. I dropped to the ground, burying my face with my tail. \_No one even cares about meâ€¦|\_

Just as a pair of ice blue eyes blinked, as their owner sighed at my cowering figure from outside the nursery.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Like it? hate it? reveiw what you think should happen!<strong>

\*\*~catz4eval01\*\*

## 2. Apprentices

\*\*Ch. 2\*\*

\*\*Apprentices\*\*

"Flamekit, from this day forward, until she has earned her warrior name, this apprentice shall be called Flamepaw, her mentor Cherryfall!" Falconstar shouted from his side of the clearing the whole clan of Riverclan was gathered at. We were finally becoming apprentices.

"Flamepaw! Flamepaw! Flamepaw!" the crowd shouted out her new name.

Flamepaw ran up to touch noses with Cherryfall, her warrior mentor, just as Thornkit, Fishkit, and Icekit and Eaglekit had done not moments before. Well, now they were apprentices, so now their names were just like Flamepaw's.

"Smallkit."

My name ran through the crowd like tossing a pebble into a calm stream. Falconstar gestured me forward with a flick of his tail. I lifted my chin high, determined not to trip on anything. This was the most important day yet! My paws slipped and slid in the watery reeds where I was supposed to stand, but I didn't fall. My father's eyes flickered into the crowd for a moment, and then he called out a single name.

"Creekfoot."

My heart ached. Creekfoot was Falconstar's best warrior. He had been to so many battles, he could barely use two of his own limbs. Many were surprised he hadn't joined the elders yet, but since he hadn't, my father chose him to be my mentor! The one who's supposed to teach me how to protect the Clan and be of actual use! The poor cat could barely even use two of his own legs!

Falconstar looked down at us, nodding his head slightly as if he had chosen the right warrior.

"Smallkit, from this day forward, until he has earned his warrior name, he shall be called Smallpaw, apprentice to Creekfoot! Creekfoot, you know much about the warrior ways, and understand Smallpaw's situation. I trust that you will guide him to become the cat the Clan needs him to be."

"Smallpaw! Smallpaw! Smallpaw!"

The clan cheered.

I touched noses with Creekfoot, like a good apprentice, then ran to the others where they sat, Creekfoot the same with the mentors. As I sat down, Thornpaw shoved my shoulder, almost sending me sprawling to the ground, but I caught myself last second. "Nice mentor." He snickered. I flicked my ear, ignoring him, but he was right. I didn't want to be Creekfoot's apprentice!

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"When do we get to go and see the territory? When?" Fishpaw ambushed his mentor, Sleekleaf, when the ceremony was finished. Sleekleaf looked up at Shiningbrook, Icepaw's mentor, with a teasingly worried expression. "I don't know what I'm going to do with him!" she muttered. Shiningbrook mrowed with laughter. Fishpaw backed up, ashamed, but was reassured when Sleekleaf put her tail on his shoulders, answering his question. "Tomorrow at sun-high. It's sun-set now, and you need to get use to your new dens."

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"I call this den!"

"No, I want it!"

"Let me have it, mousebrain!"

"Foxdung!"

"Crowfood!"

The siblings continued to insult each other over dens as the rest of us settled down to rest. I ended up with the den closest to outside, so it was slightly damp, but I didn't mind. I looked up at the stars shining bright in Silverpelt, wondering if I'll ever make it to Starclan, when Eaglepaw's and Icepaw's bickering was drowned out as I fell into a deep sleep, exhausted from the day.

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"Wake up! Our mentors are here! Wake up, mousebrain!" someone yowled into my ear.

I felt paws prodding me, and I opened my eyes to find Flamepaw nudging me, staring in the direction of outside the den.

"W-What's going on?" I asked sleepy.

"Our mentors are here! You're lucky I woke you when I did, otherwise Creekfoot would've had your fur as lining for his nest!" she hissed.

I nodded my thanks, and stretched, trying to shake off any residue from sleep. I bolted out into the clearing, noticing how the sun hadn't even risen yet. "I thought we were beginning at sun-high?" I questioned.

"That's when we're going around the territory, idiot!" Thornpaw exclaimed from where he was sitting, washing himself, next to his mentor, Redwillow.

I rolled my eyes and mimicked him, then growled, joining the group. Eaglepaw and Icepaw were wrestling on the ground. But by many visual scratches, I could tell they were doing damage to each other. "Stop that!" Shiningbrook hissed, nudging them apart.

"Sorry-"

"Yeah-"

"We just wanted to practice-"

"To be warriors!"

They both said hurriedly. Kestralwing, Eaglepaw's mentor, sighed and rolled his eyes. "Well if we're going to hunt, we better do it now, before all the patrols come out and fish it clean." He said.

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I limped over to the river, behind the rest of the apprentices.

"Alright, if you want to learn to fish, the first thing you'll need to know is- your shadow. You can't let it fall onto the water."

\*\*A/N: I know, I know, bad place to end, but I had to post something!

I'll try and make my next chapter longer\*\*

### 3. Rogues

\*\*A/N: New Chapter! :D\*\*

\* \* \*

><p><strong>C<strong>\*\*h. 3\*\*

\*\*Rogues\*\*

I was lucky enough to catch the most fish!

I had a small pile of three trout.

Thornpaw looked at my fish and growled. "Yours don't count! Your too small to have a shadow, and besides," he began, prodding the top fish on my pile with a claw, "these are hardly big enough to be called trout. If anything I caught the most fish." He finished, puffing his chest out.

Redwillow's ears slammed against her skull.

"I will not have an ungrateful kit as my apprentice! You apologize to Smallpaw right now, or you'll be clearing the elders from ticks for the next moon! Do you understand me, Thornpaw?" she hissed.

Then she looked at my crouching figure with pity, saying, "I'm sorry about him, I will make sure," she said, darting a look at Thornpaw, who was ignoring both of them and examining Flamepaw's fish, "that on my watch, it won't happen again."

I only sighed.

"Sorryâ€|" muttered Thornpaw, without even looking at me, and running along beside his mentor. He walked away from Redwillow, and ran back to the camp entrance, laughing alongside Flamepaw, Fishpaw, Eaglepaw, and Icepaw. My tail drooped.

Just then Creekfoot walked up behind me. "I'll take one of your fish, you need to learn how to carry two pieces of prey." He stated, then picked up the smallest of my three, leaving me to figure out how to carry two, both the size of half of me.

0o0o0

I made it back to camp carrying one fish in my mouth, the other beneath my chin, pressing it against me. Its slime ran down my short fur and made me shiver, but I was going to prove all the others wrong.

I can do one thing.

Even if that one thing is carrying fish.

I could scent the camp not far, and it gave me the urge to keep going. My second trout's tail dragged against the ground, making it

even more inedible. I sighed through the scales in my mouth, when suddenly my scent glands picked up something else. It didn't smell of Riverclan thoughâ€|

But it did smell like cats.

I dropped both fish behind a bush, then hid behind it as well. I moved my ears around, trying to locate the creatures.

They were coming closer, and I suddenly had the urge to run.

\_No, \_I thought to myself. \_Don't be a coward! Defend your fish!\_

\_But I don't know a single battle move!\_ I argued.

Finally, my fear overtook me, and I raced back in the direction of camp. My paws skidded heavily across the wet grounds, and the intruders alerted my presence. My ears pressed back as I ran as fast as my three legs could take me, when suddenly I was shoved to the ground, pinned by a cat of great size, snarling in my face.

"Easy preyâ€|" it muttered through clenched teeth.

I whimpered and closed my eyes, trying to tuck my chin in front of my throat; one obvious way to kill me. It leaned its head up to dive for the kill when suddenly a voice called out.

"Hey! Shred! We got some fish over here!" a cat behind him hissed. They found my fish! I looked past my captor, and saw not two, not three, but five huge, muscular, bloodthirsty cats.

Rogues.

My mother told me about them, they are always stealing from our territory, making camp just outside our borders. One thing she told me was that a rogue will always,

Always

Go for the kill.

I struggled to free myself, but just managed to have my captor's attention snapped back to me. "Get the fish," he said to his friend, narrowing his eyes at me. "I'll finish off this messengerâ€|" suddenly he spotted my dead leg, and a smirk grew on his muzzle. "A little battle warrior already, huh? Well, I'll put you out of this misery." He snarled.

He leaned in and grabbed hold of my thin neck, and his fang dug in deep. I screeched in pain, when suddenly the weight was lifted off of me, and one of his claws slid over my chin. I hissed in pain again, and looked up, and I found my mother standing over me.

"Run, son! Run!" she yowled, "Go!"

She was pinned to the ground by the same tabby, but she kicked him off with her hind legs. I turned around and bolted, blotches of blood welling on my neck.

\_Campâ€|get helpâ€|\_

I burst in camp, a site of horror. All the cats stopped what they were doing and gasped in fear. "Smallpaw! What happened!" Falconstar yowled, racing over, a horrified look running over my neck. "Hawkstepâ€|" I muttered, through gasping breaths, and blood. "Roguesâ€|" I whispered, before falling to the ground. The last thing I saw before I passed out was my father's horrified face.

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I woke in a soft den, which leaves pressed to my neck.

"Hold still!" a voice whispered to me. I looked up and saw the medicine cat, Brownwhisker. "You don't want to dislodge the herbs!" he meowed. I groaned. "Whatâ€|What happened? What going on?" I questioned.

"The warriors are out battling those rogues. It's the fifth time this week; I'm running low on supplies. Pretty soon we won't even be safe in our own campâ€|" he answered. Alarm rose in me. "Are they ok?" I asked.

Answering my question, my father walked back into camp, with all of his battle-hyped warriors behind him. His expression was one of the worst. "Did you lose?" Brownwhisker asked worriedly. Falconstar didn't reply, but a warrior, Whiteclaw, answered for him. "Yes thankfully." He and the other warriors parted as two cats came in, carrying in something. My father looked away.

"Who's that?" I asked, when I saw the two cats carrying in another towards the medicine den.

My answers were soon answered.

Hawkstep!

0o0o0

"Smallpaw!"

I raced out of camp, tears running down my face. My mother was long goneâ€| to many woundsâ€| "Why Starclan!? Why?" I yowled at the stars. I raced behind the camp, and didn't stop.

0o0o0

I was at the border.

I didn't even slow down. I barely crossed the border when I found a Thunderpath. I stopped, panting. I've never seen a Thunderpath! My curiosity got the best of me, and I stepped up onto the black path. "Wowâ€|" I whispered.

Suddenly I heard a small groan of pain, and I turned around, hissing.

Lying on the path, tail seared and bleeding badly, and collapsed right on the middle, was a midnight black cat. I could just scent it over the path's stench. I walked up to it, and gasped.



It was a rogue!

I hissed, I should wait for a monster to come and finish it off.

"They killed my motherâ€|" I growled, and the cat's weak, green eyes opened, and I could tell it was too weak to run. I could either finish it off, or wait for a monster.

Rogues were my main enemy right now.

It whimpered in fear and its eyes turned to slits even more. "I'm a warrior. This is a rogue!" I growled to myself. Suddenly I felt the path shiver, and I arched in fear.

A monster was coming!

I took one last look at the weak cat, then made my decision.

I grabbed its scruff, and dragged it off the road as fast as I could.

The moment it was off, the rogue launched itself at me, pinning me against a rock. I gasped, as it hissed in my face. It searched in my eyes, and it opened its jaws.

I crouched back, waiting for it to strike.

It yowled in my face, the wobbled off of me (it was still wounded), and fell into a large ditch in the ground. I could see it try and climb up, but fell in again, hissing and spitting.

I stood back up,

And passed out again.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>AN: I tried to make the rogues the dragons; i hope the next chapter will sort stuff out.\*\*

\*\*love it? hate it? have something to say?  
Reveiw!\*\*

\*\*~catz4eval01\*\*

#### 4. New Beginning

\*\*Ch. 4\*\*

\*\*New Begining\*\*

I snuck back into camp, my head clouded with thought.

\_Why didn't I just finish it off?\_

I knew the answer, it hung deep inside me, and at that moment, Starclan had shown me it.

I'm not meant to be a fighter.

If I killed that cat, I'm just stooping down to its level.

I walked quietly over to the apprentice den, trying not to make a sound. Suddenly a voice called out from behind me, "Smallpaw."

My father.

"Dad!" I squealed in surprise. "I have to talk to you!" I muttered. "I need to speak with you too, son." We both blurted out what we needed to say at the same time, which we both responded with, "What?" "You go first." Flaconstar meowed. "No, no, you go first!" I pleaded. I needed to hear what he had to say.

"You get your wish. I've put you in the same training route as your denmates. Creekfoot will teach you the same way as they will be taught. You start at dawn." My heart almost leaped out of my chest.

"Mouse dung, I should have gone first! Father, don't you think we have enough warriors? I mean, The other clans haven't bothered us in forever, and there are only so many rogues. What about being a medicine cat?" I stuttered.

"No son of mine, is being a medicine cat." My father stated plainly. "Why not? A medicine cat is an honorable-" "A leader's word is law, Smallpaw. I thought you would've known that by now." My head drooped. "Fine!" I muttered, staring at my paws.

"Hopefully this time tomorrow, we will have changed all this." My father meowed, flicking his tail at me.

Well \_that\_ help my self-esteem.

I tried not to let my ears fold back as my father padded off to his den.

I darted off to the apprentice's den, my ears now folded back. I looked around the den; one space of bedding left. Again, near the front.

I stuck one paw in the bedding, and my paw was instantly soaked. "Fox dung!" I muttered, collecting it into a ball, then batting it out of camp. I settled down in the place it use to be, uncomfortably, but slowly falling asleep.

Let's hope things are better tomorrow.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>AN: Sorry it's so short! i had to post something!\*\*

\*\*~catz4eval01\*\*

\*\*A/N: Hey guys! Sorry I haven't updated this one in a while, but I have a new chapter for you all! Hope you enjoy! :D\*\*

\* \* \*

><p>We padded into a small clearing carved into the riverbed, waiting for our mentors.<p>

"I hope I get a few scars!" Icepaw meowed, bouncing up and down.

"Yeah! Show the other clans we're not to be messed with!" her brother replied, with the same fox-like grin.

"Yeah, it's only fun if you get a scar out of it." Flamepaw mewed lazily, eyeing a water bug that was crawling on one of the reed stalks.

"Yeah no kidding right?" I muttered, twitching my whiskers. I may as well act stupid like they are; they had no idea what it was like in battle! A flashback came as I rethought both of my encounters with rogues.

Eaglepaw twitched his ears at me, in annoyance. "I thought you were going with the more pathetic training routes with Creekfoot." He snickered.

I tried not to let my ears fold back. I was about to say a smart reply, when suddenly Creekfoot, Redwillow, and Shiningbrook padded into the clearing. "Let's get started!" Creekfoot yowled. "First battle position:" Redwillow instructed, crouching, "Make sure your eyes are intent on the enemy. You don't want to lose focus. Second, have one of your paws planted firmly in a spring behind you; it gives you a good push when you spring to your enemy." She mimicked the move.

"Alright, your turn." Shiningbrook mewed.

We crouch in the position they showed us. I was having much difficulty though. I technically only had one paw, thanks to my dead one. I moved my good one behind me like they had shown, my eyes intent on the bush in front of me.

One by one we sprang. Flamepaw leapt into the air and landed on the bush before we could blink. "Excellent, Flamepaw! I know a warrior when I see one!" Cherryfall cheered, coming in from the reeds behind them. Flamepaw smiled.

Thornpaw and Fishpaw went, but with less grace and speed, though they both landed hard onto their bushes. I could tell if they were real cats, the bushes would have been knocked over.

I looked up at the sun: About halfway through the day.

"Smallpaw." Creekfoot called out my name, turning around so he could see me jump.

\_Come onâ€|have faith that Starclan will help you \_not\_ completely humiliate yourselfâ€|\_

I leapt.

I pushed off the ground with my back foot, and made it about a fox-tail length before falling. I attempted to get back to my paws, only to have one slip on a reed and have me fall back down. "Uhhâ€|" I groaned, as I (this time) successfully made my way to all three of my paws.

Creekfoot walked over. I quickly sat down and tried to look dignified, but I couldn't erase the feeling of dread as he walked nearer, a look of annoyance spreading across his muzzle. When he finally reached me, he shook his head and said.

"Smallpaw, Smallpaw, Smallpawâ€|you knew this training would be difficult," he looked me straight in the eye. "You have to remember, to become a warrior, a rouge will always, always, go for the kill." He repeated my mother's words, which made me shudder.

0o0o0

"Why didn't you?" I muttered to myself.

I was back at the Thunderpath, near the spot the rouge had been. I leaped off the side other than my territory, and walked past the rock it trapped me on. I looked out into the ditch it had fallen in, it was a beautiful sight, but the walls completely made of stone. I shook my head and was about to walk away when a black paw stretched over the rock, it's claws trying to grip for something, but failing as it fell back into the deep clearing.

I leaped back in surprise, then wearily peered over the side, and saw the midnight black cat attempt to climb out of the clearing, but falling yet again.

I did a silent gasp in shock that it was even the same cat, and then I saw its tail; half of it was gone, and it looked infected.

The poor cat creot towards the small pool of water, hoping to catching something after its tiring attempts to escape. It crouched low, ready to spring into the water.

\_He's doing it all wrong!\_ I thought to myself.

The night black tom leapt into the river, scaring away all the fish. I sighed with pity; I knew how it felt.

Suddenly its ears perked as it heard me, and turned to see me. I stumbled back a bit, but notice something.

It wasn't going to hurt me; in fact, it was practically under my power.

Our eyes locked for a moment, and I tilted my head in confusion, it doing the same. But it scared me to be so close to a potential killer, that I hightailed it out of rouge territory.

0o0o0

As if on cue, it started to rain.

I made it back to camp just after the sun set. As I padded into camp, I took shelter in the den, now that I was completely drenched. I lied down in my soft bedding, having to deal with my drenched coat for the night.

After a few minutes, I finally fell into a light sleep.

\_My dream scared me.\_

\_I stood in the middle of the small cove I had found the black tom in, yesterday. I stood near the center of it all.\_

\_Suddenly I felt a small breeze lift around me, and a cat shimmered into place.\_

\_I could tell from the stars in her fur that she was from Starclan.\_

\_I could also tell she was my mother.\_

"\_Hawkstep!" I cried happily, and tried to run to her, but it had seemed I was stuck to the firm ground beneath me, and I couldn't move. "Hawkstep, what happening? Why can't I move?" I yowled, frightened.\_

\_She looked at me with firm eyes, and spoke;\_

"\_You will change things, my Smallpaw."\_

\_Suddenly cats appeared all around me, and I was enclosed with a battle of cats, hissing, clawing, and spitting filled my ears.\_

"\_Hawkstep, please! Make it go away!" I shrieked.\_

"\_Only you can do that."\_

\_I opened my eyes in surprise,\_

But I was in the apprentice den again.

"Whew!" I laughed shakily, "\_Thank Starclan\_ that was only a dream!"

\_Starclan\_â€|

No. they wouldn't have sent me that dreamâ€|would they? My thoughts were interrupted when I heard voices outside in the clearing.

"You half take the Windclan side of the territory, this half will cover the Shadowclan side. Once we have patrolled, meet back at the lake." Falconstar ordered. I could hear him join one of the groups, as they padded out of the camp. Knowing our territory size, it may take them all day.

I felt the others stir around me, and I realized the sun had come up.

It was a new day of training.

## 6. New Friend

**\*\*A/N: So so so sorry for the wait! I'll try and update quicker!\*\***

**\*\*I had to skip the scene where Hiccup was looking through the book of dragons, in the last chapter, because I don't really know how to explain that in warriors wiseâ€|yeahâ€|\*\***

**\*\*Anyway, here is chapter 6!\*\***

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Ch. 6<strong>

"Creekfoot?" I mewed from where he was standing, near the area in Riverclan territory, where the river flowed into the lake. Which happened to be where we were training.

My mentor sighed. "If your question is about rouges again, Smallpaw, then I'm not going to answer it." He meowed, padding off to join the other mentors nearby.

"I know, I know, but do you even know why they attack us? I mean, we never-hisss!" I started, only to hiss in alarm as Cherryfall, who was playing as another warrior from Shadowclan, darted towards me.

I only just managed to escape her outstretched paws, darting to the right of the river bed, making her land in the freezing waters. "Smallpaw, that was great, but you need to be quicker; if I had my claws out, I would have been able to snag you." Cherryfall explained, but I just turned around to face her, backing away, not letting her sneak up on me again.

As expected, the mentor darted out of the waters, and ran straight at me. I squealed, then ran off to Fishpaw, in which Cherryfall's attention drew to.

Fishpaw darted away, after trying to knock Cherryfall over. "This is about defense! Not attack!" She had shouted. At that, he used that excuse to run off. "Why do we train like this?" He yowled to the by standing mentors.

"You need a feeling on what real battle is like." Creekfoot replied, intent on what moves and dodges they were making.

Icepaw and Eaglepaw got trapped against a boulder, Cherryfall creeping up in front of them. They muttered to themselves, before darting separate ways, causing the warrior to knock into the rock. She hissed in pain, and I was tempted to run over and see if she was ok. Instead, she stood up again, and this time, darted to where Flamepaw and Thornpaw were standing. "Let's see what you two got!" she meowed encouragingly.

Flamepaw pushed herself against a tree, waiting to use it to jump over her mentor, and was just about to, when Thornpaw growled and attempted to dig up and fling a bunch of dirt at their attacker, missing her by inches.

Cherryfall tried not to \_mrrrow\_ with laughter at the trick. This only managed to shame Thornpaw. He turned to Flamepaw, "The sun was in my eyes! If I was upwind, it would have worked!" he defended when he saw her roll her eyes.

They darted off again in different directions when they resumed training, Cherryfall, this time running faster, trying to boost the apprentices' mind's power. "Have we ever asked before? I mean we don't ever really-" I started, standing near Creekfoot, only to be interrupted by him. "Smallpaw!" he shouted in annoyance, and shoved me back into the fight.

It was a pretty good shove.

I stumbled a few ways, only try to stop when I saw Cherryfall coming straight towards me. I attempted to get to my feet, and when I did, I turned and crashed into a darting Flamepaw, who had her eyes intent on her mentor and did not see me. We fell some ways away, landing in a pile. I attempted to get to my feet, but was cornered to the ground by Flamepaw, who had her pelt caught in the bramble bush we landed next to. She looked over to the left and saw her mentor coming straight for us. She managed to struggle free from the bush and got off of me, and charged Cherryfall, tripping her.

I would have loved to say I helped, but honestly, I crouched there in fear, my eyes closed tightly. I opened one, when the noise died down, and saw everyone staring at me. My ears folded back as Flamepaw shouted at me:

"Is this some kind of a joke to you?! We're training to become \_warriors\_ in case you haven't noticed, and all you manage to do is get us almost killed! You may as well become a rouge yourself with how interested you've been in them!" she flicked one of her ears to my dead left foot. "With that, you may as well be an elder!" Fire and anger burned deep in her sky blue eyes.

And I've had enough with fire and anger.

I struggled to my three feet. My ears pressed hard against my skull. "\_You\_." I started. "\_You all \_put \_yourself\_ in my place for one second! One! That's all I ask! I was named because of my foot! I am bullied because of my foot! Do you know how \_hard\_ it is when you have this and you're the chief's kit?" one tear escaped my right eye. Everyone looked bewildered at my sudden outburst. "I have to live my WHOLE LIFE with this! And by the looks of my life now, MY WHOLE LIFE being teased and over looked! You all don't deserve what you have, you ungrateful foxes!" and with that, I stumbled out of the reed bed.

\*\*0o0o0\*\*

I raced over the Thunderpath, still feeling the sting from Flamepaw's words.

Yeah, yeah, one day I'll get caught going over the Thunderpath, but that was the least of my worries. I was carrying a large trout. I had hopes of seeing that black tom again, and I don't know why.

I carried it to the small cove, throwing it in before climbing down

from its stone walls myself. I picked it up, and walked around slowly, jumping to the slightest noise; I still had no idea if this thing would kill me or not. Or if it was even still here.

Suddenly the breeze picked up behind me, and I picked up the tom's scent. I gasped and jerked around, fear building up inside me as I saw the tom glaring at me with its greenish yellow eyes.

"Who are you?" he hissed. His voice was rough and dry, but hinted his strength.

I was too startled to say anything.

The rouge eyed my fish, and licked his muzzle in what I would guess hunger. He looked ready to fight me for it.

"I-Iâ€¦I d-don't want any t-troubleâ€¦" I stuttered, before tossing it to him. His ears twitched with suspicion before digging into the trout. I began backing away, but he growled at me, and I knew I probably shouldn't move. But I did notice something when he snarled at me:

He was missing a few teeth.

He finished half of it, before raising his head to me. "Like I said before, what. Is. Your. Name?" he commanded.

"Smallpaw.." I squeaked.

"Well then, 'Smallpaw'. You're that little kit that was spying on me a few days ago, weren't you?" he meowed. I nodded quickly. "You also helped me off that Thunderpath." I nodded again.

"Well I guess I haven't thanked you yet for that."

My ears perked up in surprise.

He nudged me the other half of the trout. I was too frightened to move, or attempt to eat it. I was about to push it aside and say 'no, thank you', but he growled. "Where I come from, it is unwise not to accept a gift that is given to you."

I got the message.

Eat. The. Fish.

I looked down at the mangled thing, and slowly took a bit out of it. I wasn't really hungry. I swallowed it, and looked up at him. His whiskers twitched with amusement. "What are you so afraid of? I'm not going to claw a weak little thing like you. That's just fox-like." He meowed.

I relaxed a bit. He wasn't going to hurt me. At this moment.

"Are you one of those weird clan cats?" he asked.

I nodded again.

But I guess he didn't like clan cats. He hissed at me, then darted off with the speed of a badger, and I saw him attempt to climb out of



the enclosure of stone walls on the other side, but to no prevail.

I was gasping for breath at the suddenly mood change. Fear pulsed through me at the cat's strength, and his ability to kill me, but I got up anyways. I slowly walked over to where he was, warily. "W-why don't like u-us?" I stammered. His head whipped around to face me. "You stupid and ruthless cats killed my sister! How do I know you won't do the same to me?"

I gestured to my dead foot. "I couldn't kill a mouse if I tried." \_And it's true\_ I thought to myself. No matter how hard I tried, I was never able to catch mice whenever we went hunting.

He snorted in response, rolling his eyes.

He wrapped his half-tail around his paws gently, and I saw it was swollen and puffy; clear signs of infection. "What happened to your tail?" I asked. At this he growled again, making me jump back a bit. "None of your concern." He said before darting off again.

\*\*0o0o0\*\*

I could scent a lot of voles in the cove. \_I may as well hunt while it's still light out\_ I thought to myself.

I crouched low next to a boulder as a plump one rushed out of it. I readied myself, then launched. I landed square onto of the thing, and finished it off to a swift bit on the neck. I smiled. My first vole.

I caught another one, and was about to ready myself in search for more, but I felt someone's fur brush against mine and I saw that the tom had come back to watch me hunt. His ear twitched, "I have yet to learn how to hunt." He said firmly, not letting himself get humiliated.

I showed him the position to hunt in, and he attempted it, and sprung at a fallen leaf, testing it out. He smirked when he saw he caught it.

"There's a tip to-" I started, but he growled at me to stop talking.

"Wait, you can-"

Growl.

"But-"

"Kid, if you don't shut up now, you'll be my next catch." I stopped talking.

He positioned himself to catch a large shrew that had stumbled out into the clearing that obviously oblivious us.

He readied himself, and then sprung.

He caught the creature, and could tell from his expression that it was his first kill. I guess they sorta had a prey pile where he was

from as well.

He turned to look at me and smiled at me for the first time. "Thanks, Smallpaw." He said. I felt happy I helped him. "Of courseâ€|uh, what is your name?" I asked.

"I don't really have a name, but everyone calls me Toothless."

I could understand why.

We sat there for a moment, until I heard yowles screech through the air. I recognized a few of them.

"I should be getting back." I said. Toothless nodded, then wandered off for a place to sleep.

I scrambled up the side of rocks, using my tail to balance me. \_So that's why he can't leave\_ I thought.

I looked back at the beautiful cove's scenery, then darted back to my territory, one thing going through my head:

I think I just made a friend.

## 7. Idea

\*\*A/N: Hey everyone! I got another chapter here! :D and uhâ€|heheâ€|I uhâ€|accidentally put chief instead of leader in the last chapter, if any of you saw thatâ€|sorry 'bout thatâ€|\*\*

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Ch 7<strong>

\*\*Idea\*\*

We gathered together at dusk near the small stream that ran off our territory. Falconstar had asked us to do a dusk patrol, which Creekfoot was happy to sign us up for. Strange, it seems we've become more of our own group lately.

We hunter here and there, gathered a few mice, trout, water voles, the usual. That was until Thornpaw had asked my mentor a strange question; what had happened to his limbs that made them weak the way they now were. For some reason, Creekfoot was proud of his wounds (like most warriors).

So we gathered together near the river bed, and listened to his story. I tried to sit next to my mentor, but Shiningbrook beat me to it. The rest of the apprentices were gathered around them in a circle, excluding me from the group. My ears went back as I settled down to listen some ways away.

"That Shadowclan cat, Starlingwing I believe he was, we were locked in battle! Fur going everywhere! Then suddenly, he took hold of my left front paw in his front teeth, and \*\*yank\*\*! He dislocated my paw. The medicine cat said it should be fine, but it never healed properly," he stated, holding up his right paw, "Starlingwing must have passed the word in his clan, for the next battle with them,

another, Pinenose, did the same to my right back leg." He said, gesturing to his back leg.

\_At least his still works quite a bit\_ I thought to myself, resting my head on my paws.

"I wonder what it would be like to lose a limb entirely" Fishpaw thought outloud. Everyone turned to look at him, questioning his gruesome thought. "I-I mean, and Starclan let your mind still control it. You could have it sneak up on your enemy and-" "I think we've heard enough, Fishpaw." Sleekleaf interrupted.

"Creekfoot?"

"Yes, Flamepaw?"

"What would be the most vulnerable part, other than the belly, on a warrior? So we know what else to go at?" she asked.

"Hmm" I'd say the tail. It balances you when you climb trees "if you were a Thunderclan cat- and swim in waters. It is one of the things we depend on most." He stated. My mentor's next words slapped my brain into recognition.

"Usually, if a cat loses its tail, it can easily be trapped in just about anything, especially if you have to climb out."

My ear twitched as I lifted my head.

\_But maybe\_ if it heals enough\_ it may be useful again!

I got up slowly, making sure nobody saw me sneak out of the clearing.

\* \* \*

><p>"Brownwhisker?" I asked. I was standing outside the medicine den, waiting for my daily checkup. The Medicine Cat insisted I come so he could look over my wounds, by they were mostly gone by now.<p>

The young, brown furred tom, stretched from his sleeping spot in his den then padded over to me. "Come on in." he said with a yawn.

I sat down, and watched as he got the herbs out and ready to be used. "Brownwhisker?" I asked again. "Yes, Smallpaw?" he replied. "Um" what kind of stuff do you learn as a medicine cat?" I tried to ask casually.

His ears perked up with happiness that someone was interested in his work. "Oh all kinds of stuff! Cuts, scrapes, sore paws, pads, bones, broken bones, coughs, infections, of I could go on and on." He said with a smile on his muzzle. "What about infection in particular?" I tried again to ask casually. His ears twitched in surprise, but replied never the less, "What would you like to know?" "Oh! Um" whatever herbs you use to treat it, I guess."

He used his paw to point to a small pile of herbs in a corner. "Those all heal infections." He said. "There's burdock root, chervil, dried oak leaf, horsetail, and marigold. Each used with a different herb can treat different types of infections." I thought for a moment.

"What about if they were really serious?" I asked. "How serious?" "Like, if the bone was severed kind of serious." Brownwhisker's eyes widened. "Wellâ€¦I guess you'd have to use a poultice of comfrey, goldenrod, and horsetail." He said, gesturing to the three as they were named.

"Anyway, back to your wounds." He said, and began to treat the scratch on my chin. I remember the scents of those herbs in the cove. Maybe it would be just enoughâ€¦

\* \* \*

><p>I woke up early the next morning, our mentors off on a patrol which left us with nothing to do. I walked out of camp before dawn was fully up, and I ran down to the river. There, I caught three more trout, all a decent size.<p>

I managed to carry them across the Thunderpath without getting them too beat up, and, one by one, dropped them into the cove. "Toothless?" I called out.

At first there was no response. \_Maybe he managed to escapeâ€¦\_ I thought to myself. The thought made me sad; he had become the closest thing to a friend I've had my whole life.

But suddenly a yowl erupted in the cove, answering my call. "It's Smallpaw, right?" Toothless meowed, stepping out from the shadows. I nodded. "I brought some breakfastâ€¦" I muttered. His eyes lit up in surprise. "Well that was mighty nice of you." He said, walking over.

"I think I found a poultice for your tail." I said, while he ate the fish. "Oh really?" he said through a mouthful of fish. I nodded.

I darted around the cove, searching for the right herbs. I quickly found them in the right spots, and chewed them like Brownwhisker had said.

I walked back over to Toothless who was still eating one last fish. I spat the wad on the ground next to him, and I flicked my ear towards his tail. "Will it hurt?" he asked. I shrugged. "Probably."

He growled, but nodded anyway.

I picked up the wad again, and attempted to put it on the end of his tail, but the slightest touch of the poultice make his tail jerk away. "That hurts!" He exclaimed, "A lot!"

I growled, and without warning (which was what I was going for), I smeared the wad onto the end of his tail.

The sting that the mixture had shot through his tail, and he screeched, turning around in my direction. I thought he was going to attack me, so I fled up the stone wall as fast as I could, Toothless in pursuit. I turned around, and saw something:

He was maneuvering his tail in a way so it could balance him just a bit.

It surprised me, and I misplaced my footing, causing me to fall. I

crashed into Toothless, sending us both down the wall, and into the small pond in the center of the cove.

It clicked in my brain a way to help the tom escape this imprisonment. "Yes!" I shouted, my genius plan starting to form.

## 8. First Gathering

"All cats old enough to catch their own prey, join here beneath the high rock for a clan meeting!" Falconstar yowled.

I was currently lying in the Apprentices' Den, trying to think over my 'brilliant plan'. My ear twitched at the sound of my father's voice, and reluctantly I got up from my spot, and walked into the clearing the whole clan was gathered around now.

"As you all know by now, the annual Gathering is now upon us. I will now choose cats to accompany the meeting." My father yowled. "Blackfur, our deputy, will of course go, and along with him, Brownwhisker, Redleaf, Pinewillow, Kestralwing, Creekfoot, Shiningbrook, Birdtail, Sparrowheart, Stormtail, Cherryfall, Sleekleaf, Flamepaw, Thornpaw, Icepaw, Eaglepaw, Fishpaw, and Smallpaw." He called out the names.

At first I ignored my name, when suddenly it clicked in my brain.

I was going to a Gathering!

I instantly got excited, and saw the other apprentices were as well, although they tried to hide it. The rest of the clan that wasn't chosen went back to their normal duties, while those who were, circled around Falconstar.

My paws bounded to my dad, full of excitement. The other apprentices were not far behind.

"I wonder what it's like?" I heard Fishpaw say to Thornpaw while we listened to the instructions our leader gave. "Me too." Thornpaw mewed back.

I could hear what we were supposed to do, but the words didn't stick to my brain. My insides jittered with the thought of all the cats that would be attending. I guess that was normal?

"So, with that said, we'll be leaving in just a short matter of time, so it be best to get ready." Falconstar meowed, and with that, the group disbanded.

With the sight of cats walking away, fear spilled into my mind. I hadn't heard a single word.

I looked around for Creekfoot; at least he'll tell me without making me feel bad.

I finally spotted him grooming himself, and I padded up to him, his ears twitching at the sound of my paw steps. "What is it, Smallpaw?" he questioned.

"I was uhâ€¦Umâ€¦I was wonderingâ€¦w-what did Falconstar sa-" I started, only to be interrupted with his \_mrrooww\_ of laughter. "Haha! Your ears clogged huh? Nah, that's ok. Happened to my first Gathering as well. He basically said, 'don't reveal anything to anyone outside the clan, and don't pick fights. Starclan sent this day as a truce.' Understand?" I nodded. "Good. Now run along." He said, continuing his grooming.

I padded away and over to the freshkill pile. Scanning it, I quickly chose a plump mouse from the top. As I reached my head to grab it, a shadow fell over me. I realized with the slightest amount of fear and newly found annoyance, that I had chosen the same mouse Thornpaw wanted.

"I wanted that." He growled. I simply ignored him and walked away. He watched me go with confusion. I smirked to myself; why hadn't I thought of doing that ages ago?

Ignoring again his growl of annoyance, I quickly ate the mouse, refreshing my hunger. Swiping my tongue across my jaw, I scanned the camp, and found my father talking to Hawkclaw, his brother and my uncle. My ears instinctively reached out to them, overhearing some of their conversation.

"What will the other clans think of him?" Hawkclaw said. "What is that supposed to mean? He is loyal and cunning; two things that'll make a great warrior. Even the other clans respect that." Falconstar said, even though his voice filled with doubt. "I just mean that he might show a sign of obvious weakness." His brother replied. My father's ears folded back. "He will \_not\_ show obvious weakness! He is coming to the gathering, and that is that." With that, my father padded away.

A dreadful feeling filled my stomach; I had a feeling they were talking about me.

\* \* \*

><p>"Alright, you all will be civil, polite, and will not share anything with any one, understand?" Flaconstar meowed to the gathered group just outside of camp.<p>

We all nodded our response, then set off on the trail to the island, which wasn't too far away. I immediately fell behind because of my foot, but I didn't care as much as I thought I would have.

'I was going to show obvious weakness' was what my uncle had said. Why was everyone so rough on cats like me? We're all the same inside! That's what should matter! Instead I'm going to look like a weakness to my own clan because of a natural born disadvantage.

A thought entered my brain. I can't let the other clans think like that. I'm going to be the best warrior I can be, and they're going to accept that.

At this thought, I walked faster, catching up to the group who was now almost to the island.

\* \* \*

><p>The tree was wobbly.<p>

The other cats had crossed it already, and I was just now trying to figure out how to make it across without falling into the freezing waters below.

I stretched my claws out in fear as I wobbled along the bark. My claws sunk deep into its side, and I slowly stumbled forward. \_Oh great Starclan help me!\_ I prayed in my head.

"Hurry up!" A voice shouted from behind me, and I looked back to see that Windclan had caught up with us, and very impatient warriors were waiting for me to cross.

Fear hurried into my heart, and I attempted to scamper away, only to have my footing misjudged.

"\_NO!\_" I shouted, just before I slipped. I fell off the side of the log, my claws scrapping the side desperately trying to hang on.

My weight pulled me into the water, that was now heightened from the melting ice of spring, and my head went under. I tried to swim above the surface, but the weight of my foot pulled me down.

The air in my lungs escaped me, and my eyes started to close. Just as my mind started to drift to unconsciousness, I saw a shadow form above me and I felt a splash echo through the water.

I felt something pull the scruff of my neck, and I was dragged upwards near air. My body was thrown onto the ground on the other side of the fallen tree, and I coughed and spluttered for air, water pouring from my mouth.

My eyes a bit blurred, I looked up at my rescuer.

My father stared down at me, frustration, anger, and embarrassment flowing through his eyes. Shame prickled through my pelt. I couldn't meet his eyes.

"Come on, we can't stand here all day." Falconstar meowed, and Riverclan walked away, leaving me to recover on the ground. I sighed and closed my eyes, tears making their way to my eyes. I felt a nudge, and I looked up to see a golden furred she-cat, not much older than me. Not much being the key words.

"You ok? What happened?" her eyes were blue, like Flamepaw's, but they were lighter and more curious. I got to my feet, with her trying to help, but I shook her off. "I don't need help." I muttered. She shrugged, then ran up ahead to the clearing. She smelled of Thunderclan; at this my ears went slightly back.

I limped ahead, trying to catch up to her. "So who are you?" I asked. "My name's Goldenpaw, apprentice to the fiercest Clan, Thunderclan!" she made a hunting pose. I rolled my eyes. "My name's Smallpaw." I said. He ear flicked at my unusual name. So at that, I started walking towards my clanmates.

\* \* \*

><p>"Did you hear?"<p>

"About that apprentice?"

"A Riverclan cat couldn't swim?"

"Falconstar must be so embarrassed!"

The rumors rang through the clearing of the clans' fates. I hid myself behind a bush, incapable of seeing anyone at the moment. My first Gathering just happened to be my worst.

Onestar, leader of Windclan, yowled for silence. Once everyone went quiet, he spoke. "Thank you. Windclan has little news to tell. Two of our apprentices became warriors; Ravenclaw and Finchheart."

The clans cheered.

I cheered too, not wanting to disrupt the bright round moon in the sky, but I did it quietly, so no one could detect me. Unfortunately, it did.

"What are you doing back here?" a familiar voice called.

"Go away, Goldenpaw."

"Well someone's grumpy, aren't they?"

"Someone can be grumpy when all the clans are spreading rumors about you."

"So that was you, wasn't it? The one who can't swim?"

I got up out of my hiding place, and hobbled over to an area where I could sit in peace. "So is that why you can't swim?" she asked, detecting my limp. "Will you two be quiet? Onestar is trying to talk!" Someone hissed at us. I mimicked him, then looked my eyes on the leader of Windclan. Goldenpaw sat next to me, and said, "If that's why you can't swim, I don't blame you." My ears jerked up in shock. She looked away, shame going through her pelt. "I know, I know; doesn't sound very Thunderclan like. My mother said I was born with a soft heart."

"I was going to say thank you." I said finally. A nod was all her response.

"That is all." Onestar concluding, making me realize I had drowned out all of his speech. I heard a snicker somewhere nearby, and saw Thornpaw sitting next to Flamepaw, who was trying to talk to her with no prevail. "I'm telling you!" I heard him whisper. "It wasn't my fault! The sun was in my eyes!" I rolled my own pair of eyes.

I looked over at Flamepaw, who was determinedly ignoring him. Her yellowish coat shone in the moonlight, and her blue eyes sparkled in determination as she looked up at the currently speaking leader, her tail wrapped neatly around her paws.

Goldenpaw caught on.

She snickered. "Who's that?" she half whispered half sang. I flicked



my ear annoyance and turned to listen to the leaders.

\* \* \*

><p>I made my way across the bridge more carefully this time.<p>

I had said goodbye to Goldenpaw before we left, but she didn't reply. I didn't want to have to say anything either, but Starclan whole truce thing took its toll on me.

"Did you learn anything today?" Falconstar said to me, a bit stiffly, when we were walking back. I shook my head slowly. He turned stiffer and walked away. I growled.

We made it back to camp Not too much time later. Everyone padded off to their dens, some grabbing some newly caught freshkill they hadn't eaten yet.

I grabbed a small sparrow but knowing the limits for the freshkill pile, and I already had my share, I hid it behind a bush and pretended to go to my bedding.

I watched from inside as everyone started to leave to go to sleep, and once they did, I quietly snuck out, grabbed the sparrow, and made my way out of camp.

\* \* \*

><p>"Toothless?" I whispered.<p>

I was at the cove again. I carried the robin in my mouth, the moon's bright light reflecting on its black feathers. "Toothless!" I whispered again, seeing how he did not answer.

"I heard you the first time." A voice said from behind me.

I hissed and jerked around to find him laughing, he being almost completely invisible in the dark night, even with the moon shining.

"Well, I did bring you a sparrow, but I guess you're having too much fun scaring me, so I guess I'll have it." I said, placing it on the ground. He swept it up with his paw before I could do anything, and said, "You're a good cat, you know that? I haven't many any other cats like you, really." I took that as a completment.

"So what was this whole plan you have?" he said, eating the bird. I shook my head. "Still trying to figure it out. I need to make some more adjustments." He nodded in understanding. I looked up at the moon, and saw its light was growing dimmer; I needed to get back to camp. "I have to go." I said, before trotting away.

"Thank you, again!" he called out as I made my way up the side of the cliff like wall. I smiled; it felt good to have someone say that instead of shouting at you about something you did wrong.

I just hope I'm doing the right thing now.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>AN: Hey everyone! I went a little off track of the story with this, but what a Warriors included story without a Gathering?  
:D\*\*

\*\*BTW, Goldenpaw is my OC I made a long time ago, and I thought this was the perfect time to put her into action. She will- \*\*

\*\*oops. Almost gave away a spoiler!\*\*

\*\*Anyway, I hope you liked the chapter, and that you have a great rest of your day, viewers!\*\*

\*\*~catz4eval01\*\*

## 9. Getting The Hang Of It

\*\*A/N: Hello everyone! I've goteth ye anther Chaptereth. Thanks Shakespeare! ^.^ (Pretty sure those aren't words (sense the sarcasm))Also, quick note, the squishy, cone-shape thing Smallpaw finds later on is Styrofoam \*\*

\* \* \*

><p>"Today, is about teamwork."<p>

We were lined up next the the big Pine Tree, as Shiningbrook went over the instructions. Sleekleaf was apparently hiding around, pretending to be a Thunderclan cat, and we had to work together to either drive her out, or at least ambush her.

The key to this task: be completely silent.

Not my strong point.

The rest of the mentors at behind us as we huddled together to try and discuss our plan. "Alright," Thornpaw began, stepping in the spot I was about to stand in, so I was yet again excluded, "Me, Flamepaw (she rolled her eyes at this), and Eaglepaw will sneak in front of Shiningbrook when we find her, and Icepaw, Fishpaw, and Smallpaw will go behind her. Understand?" they all nodded.

"Wait!" I whisper shouted, before I could stop myself. They all turned in confusion.

"What is it now?" Thornpaw said with a sigh. "W-Wouldn't it be smarter to s-surround her on the sides? I-I mean, she'd be able to sent at least o-one of our groups, depending on the wind." I stuttered against my will. Thornpaw glared at me with a death glare, as I daring I disobey his orders. I held my grounds. "He's right...I think." I heard a voice from behind me say. My ears instantly perked in surprise.

We all turned to see Fishpaw starting at the ground, not wanting to make eye contact. "I mean...it's kind of obvious..." was all he said. Suddenly everyone but Thornpaw started to nod their heads a bit in agreement. He growled, "Fine! Here's what we'll do. Icepaw, Flamepaw, you be in one group, me and Eaglepaw will be in another, while Fishpaw and cobweb-brain here will be in another. We'll be on each side of her except the front, got it?" he said. we all nodded, and

went our separate ways.

\* \* \*

><p>"Thanks."<p>

"F-For what?"

"For sticking up for me back there."

"Oh...it was nothing."

I flicked my ear in response as me and Fishpaw made our way to the right, the two other groups on either side of us, some ways off, but still close enough to keep in touch. We crept along the reeds near the river bed, when suddenly I spotted a fresh scent. I shot my tail up and stopped, making sure everyone saw. They came running, and asked, "What did you find?" "A fresh trail." Fishpaw said before I could, stealing my thunder. I sighed mentally.

We grouped up in a line, Fishpaw leading, as we followed along the scent trail. I was (of course) at the back, my ears pricked for any sudden sounds. the scent trail got shallower and shallower, until we lost it, and we realized we went the wrong direction. "Guys, turn around!" Fishpaw mewed from the front of the line. Everyone turned around, and I found myself leading the line, to my delight (and their disgust). I made sure all my senses were open, as the scent trail got longer, and before long we ended up right back where we started.

Suddenly a sound rang through my ears. It was a very small sound, so small I'm surprised and proud that I could detect it.

I turned my head to the left, and just managed to spot Sleekleaf walk away into the higher reeds. I stopped, making everyone bump into me, but before they could yell at me I gestured to the area she went in. They got my message, and we split into our groups, and I was with Fishpaw again.

We quickly surrounded her, and I saw Thornpaw's tail go up to signal a stop.

But for some reason...my paws kept going.

"Smallpaw!" I heard Fishpaw whisper, "Get back here! If you keep going she'll heard us, or...or scent us, or-" "Will you please stop\_ that?!" I hissed lightly back. I knew what I was doing. For some reason, that shut him up. I slipped around to the back of her, sensing that she was still unaware that we were all here. I crouched low to the ground, so my leg didn't drag, and softly kicked a pebble next to me.

As I expected, she jerked her head around, and started backing up, keeping her senses all located on the area the sound came from. But I was one step ahead of her, and snuck off before she could detect me. I quietly dashed behind her, so when she would turn around she'd run right into me. But of course, I accidentally kicked a twig as I was sneaking past her.

\_Aw, come on!\_

She whipped around, lashing out at me before I could scurry off. Her paw hit my bad leg, but I didn't feel it of course. Fear and shame coursed through me at the sight of my plan failing, but suddenly I slid a bit to the right, and my body turned to face her. I guess the fear and shame puffed up quite a bit of my fur, because she looked at me with surprise. I looked down at me and saw that I basically looked bigger, and angry. I was definitely \_scary\_! I smiled mentally.

I hissed at her, and she stepped back a bit in surprise. I stretched out my claws as far as they could go, try to make me look more scary. I snarled and stalked towards her, making her back up. Not too many steps later, she was in the water, knee deep in the river. I sat down and smoothed my fur, and turned around to see that the others had attempted it as well, and mostly looked ridiculous.

"Well done, Smallpaw! If I was a real Thunderclan cat, I would've high-tailed it out of Riverclan territory! And if I didn't, you all could've attacked me in the water. I will go and tell Creekfoot about your accomplishment." Sleekleaf purred. I smiled, closing my eyes in happiness. Suddenly I remembered my appointment with Brownwhisker; he still wanted to treat my wounds, the bite on my neck seems to be reluctant to heal, apparently.

I turned around to see the other apprentices staring at me with confusion, probably at how I managed such a feat. Their stares where starting to unnerve me... "Ok! So..are we done? 'Cause I've got some things I need to...uh...yep, I'll, uh...see-see you later!" and with that I dashed off to camp, their stares following me as I went.

I entered the camp entrances a few minutes later, and Brownwhisker was sitting at the front of his den, grooming himself. I padded over, and when I got near enough, I heard him mutter the words, "Took you long enough." I rolled my eyes.

\* \* \*

><p>I padded silently out of camp, looking behind me for any followers. None. Good. I darted away again, heading for the Thunderpath.<p>

My paws barely made a sound as they flew across the moss covered grounds, past marshes and trees. The disgusting stench hit my nose not too much time later, and I had to skid to a halt before I could scrape my paws' pads against the hard black ground. I pricked my ears in any search of the awful noise the Monsters made. When there was none, I hurriedly made my way across.

Oh, I forgot to mention that my mouth was full of this weird, spongy thing. it was in the shape of a stick, but bigger at one end. I found it next to the river we last trained at...and it reminded me of a cat's tail. I had picked it up after my trip at Brownwhisker's (where I learned more about herbs), and it was with me now.

Now back to the present, I pushed through the bushes on the other side of the path, and stood at the top of the cove. "Foofef!" I tried to call out through the spongy thing in my mouth. "Blagh! Toothless!" I said after I spit it out. I heard a grumble from somewhere in the cove, and I knew he heard me. I smiled, and picked up the spongy-thing, and made my way down the rock wall into the

cove.

Toothless opened his piercing green-yellow eyes, and stretched, apparently having had a long nap. He yawned, showing off his namesake teeth, in which quite a few were missing. He shook his head to get rid of any drowsiness, and walked over to me. "Alright, what's up this time? Why'd you interrupt my nap. I was in the middle of a really good dream!" he complained.

"I found something for your tail!" I shouted with pride, as I picked up the spongy-thing in my mouth again, and held it up for him to see. His pupils dilated smaller, "Oh, no! No way am I letting you go near my tail again! Whatever you put on it last time hurt like crazy!" He hissed, and with that ran away from me. "Hey!" I stared in confusion, then it hit me. And with that we played a game of chase, all the while shouting things like "It's ok!" and "It may hurt for a few seconds, but trust me!"

\* \* \*

><p>I don't know how much time passed before Toothless ran out of energy. I'm sure my absence was noticed back in camp; probably everyone knew by now about my 'incredible' strategy.<p>

Toothless finally stopped running, and laid down in defeat. "Alright...you got me..." he said in between pants. "That was probably the most exercise I've had in a while." he muttered. I rolled my eyes as I drew out the same herbs I had last time out from their hiding place. At the sight of them, Toothless drew back, hissing. I sighed. "You'll have to deal with it if you want your tail to get better." I explained. he relaxed a bit at this, but still spat when I chewed the rest of the herbs to a pulp and plastered it on his tail. He yowled in pain, but controlled it as I pushed the end of the spongy-cone-shapped-thing onto the end of his tail. As it turned out, that pulp was...really quite sticky.

The sting settled down after about a minute, and Toothless looked back at his tail, moving it tenderly; it was probably pretty sore. "You...you fixed it...I can leave!" he started, smiling. A bigger smile came across his muzzle, and he got up, and shouted with quite an immense joy, "My tail's fixed!"

I crouched back a bit at his shout, and a smile came upon me as well. I was filled with happiness that I had helped this poor cat. But...there was another part of me that was, quite a bit upset; I just lost the only friend I've ever had. My smile turned into a frown, as he ran to the rock wall. But when I thought he was going to leave, he turned back at me, and said, "Thank you. I'd have never been healed if it wasn't for you." he turned back to me, and playfully batted one of my ears with his strong arm, and said, "Keep up the good work. You could be a so called, 'medicine cat'. Oh, and don't let those bullies you told me about before stand in your way; you're one of the bravest cats I've met." he said with a smile.

"Fare well!" I said, forcing a smile as he started climbing up the rock wall, using his new tail to balance him.

I quickly changed my smile to a frown and laid down, setting my head on my paws, closing my eyes. It may have looked as if I had been

resting, but really I was trying to hide any sadness that might have shown through.

Suddenly, a yowl rang through the area.

I looked up just in time to see Toothless lose some of his balance, and fall to the rock below him. The problem was, his new tail hit the rock, and the dressing became undone. The new tail came right off, but the pulp stayed on. Both mine and Toothless's eyes lit up in shock. We looked at one another, and it was settled. I was going to find some way for his tail to stick, so he could be free again.

## 10. Better Than You Ever Were

**\*\*A/N: Hello everyone! Ok, I have one warning for you guys in this chapter...wait, two warnings.\*\***

**\*\*1.) I'm sorry if parts of the chapter look rushed, I was distracted a lot while making this one, and my sisters have this tendency of making me go crazy.\*\***

**\*\*2.) The 'settings' will be a bit different during this beginning part of the chapter. I mean, the places and stuff will still be there, but the way they formatted the "See You Tomorrow" scene in the movie, was back and forth from training with Toothless, to training in the arena. So...you'll see how I plan that one out when you read it, because it would obviously be too confusing to just keep switching.\*\***

**\*\*Anyway, I hope you enjoy the chapter, and happy readin'!\*\***

\* \* \*

><p><span><strong>Better Than You Ever Were<strong>

The next few days were full of hard work, and sneaking around.

Today, a new idea had popped into my head about a new technique and I faked a soar throat. I padded over to Brownwhisker's den, and asked for something to help. "Well, honey would be your best option." He said, batting over a fresh comb he had managed to get the other day. I smiled my thanks, and took the comb in my mouth, him trusting me that I knew how to eat it properly.

I went in the direction of the apprentices' den, and padded inside, looking behind me for any followers. None. Good. I padded to the back of the den, and slipped out of a small hole that had formed at the very bottom.

Pretty soon, I was on my way to the Thunderpath.

My paws flew across the ground, anxious to get to the cove before I was tempted to eat the sweet smelling substance. I quickly came across the Thunderpath, and stopped, cowering behind a bush as a monster flew across it. I waited a few moments after it vanished, just to see if it came back, then ran across. The comb dripped honey as I dashed across the black ground, making my paws sticky. I kept my

mind straight, as I ran as fast as I could to my 'patient'.

I finally reached the edge of the cove, and looked down into the open space, my eyes searching for the black tom.

I quickly spotted him grooming himself over near the small trickling water fall (\*\*and yes, there is a waterfall in the\*\* \*\*cove\*\*), and I made my way down the rocky cliff-face. "Toothless!" I managed to meow through the honey comb. His ear flicked, acknowledging my presence, until his nose twitched at the scent of the honey. "What do you have there?" he asked, trotting over. "Something that will help your tail stay in place." I said, spitting the comb onto the grass. He eyed it hungrily, "Can you eat it?" he asked. "Yes, but we're not going to. It's sticky, so it should help your new tail stay in place." I explained, picking the comb back up and bringing it around to the back of his tail.

I had redressed the wound and stuck the makeshift tail back on the day before, so this time, I took claw sized scoops out of the combs and smeared them on the edge of his tail, and across the end of the weird makeshift one.

I stuck them back together and smeared what little was left across both, to help stick. I sat back after I was done, then smiled at Toothless, giving him the ok to test it out. He sniffed the new makeshift's dressing, then ran to the edge of the rock wall near the Big Pine Tree that overhang the area. I watched as he began to climb, each paw step, fear of loosing my only friend again welling up in my heart,

When suddenly, he cried out in alarm.

I watched as his tail brushed against rocks and dirt, and along the tree's roots, and clusters and clusters of stuff collecting onto the honey. My plain failed...again. He bounded down the rocks and ran to me again.

"What went wrong?" I asked as he halted in front of me, his tail dragging against the ground. His muscled shoulders drooped as he lay down, his ears pressed back. "The 'stickyness' makes it too much to handle; it collects anything it touches." he meowed sadly.

My head hung at the lost effort. "I'll try something new again tomorrow." I said, begining to pad away to the exit. "Where are you going?" he asked. I stopped, "Back to camp I guess. My mentor's on the patrol around the whole territory to check for...uh..." I stuttered for a polite meaning, "Intruders." I mewed after a second. He sat back on his haunches and looked at me confused. "So you'd rather go back there and do nothing all day, then train to become a REAL warrior instead?" he said with a smirk.

"Train?"

"Yes, train. You're helping me so much with trying to heal my tail and help me escape, why shouldn't I repay you? You've told me how hard it is for you to train the way your clanmates do, so why don't I teach you easier ways? My sister dislocated her paw one time, and we don't have so called 'medicine cats' where I'm from, so she had to learn to fight a different way for a while. I could teach you the moves she had to learn." he offered. I looked up into his deep

green/yellow eyes, and sincerely said, "Thank you."

"Don't mention it, squirt." he meowed, batting me behind the ear playfully.

So that's what we did for the rest of the day. He showed me this strange plant that grew in the cove called 'catmint'. I've scented it in the Medince cat's den before, but I've never been able to see it. Just one whiff of it made my head dizzy. He showed me how to use it against my enemies, and where to hide it before the fight started, and where to find it.

Pretty soon, I was a master at catmint fighting.

\* \* \*

><p>The next day I used what I had learned to my advantage. Creekfoot told me that we were training by the river again, and I hid a stock of catmint down there the night before.<p>

My plan worked out perfectly; we went training at the river, and Redwillow was playing the part of a rouge. The plan for the training was a free for all; figure out your own way to bring the enemy down. I quickly snuck away unnoticed (as usual), and grabbed a pawfull of the catmint I had hidden behind a boulder. I took a small pebble and chewed the herb, and smeared the pulp across the small rock.

Still hidden, I prodded the rock so that it went tumbling into the clearing, just in front of Redwillow. She stopped for a second, her eyes going misty, and she shook her head as the scent entered her glands. While she was momentarily distracted, I quietly and quickly crawled out of the shadows, trying to do it fast so no one could go after her before I could. I snuck my way around back, and just as she was regaining herself, I sprung. I landed square on her back, sending her tumbling to the ground.

"Yes!" I mewed before I could stop myself. Redwillow shook me off and stood up, and smiled down at me. "You're finally starting to prove your worth, Smallpaw." was all she meowed before walking over to chat about my feat to Creekfoot, who was watching with interest.

"You're all dismissed." Creekfoot mumbled to the rest of us. I sighed in relief, and padded away in the opposite direction. I heard other paw steps running behind me, and suddenly I was surrounded by my clanmates. "How did you do that?" I heard Eaglepaw meow, and was quickly interrupted by Thornkit (who for the first time was showing some sort of attention to what I've done) "I've never seen anyone do that before!" he said. "That was incredible!" Icepaw complimented, and suddenly all of my denmates were crowding around me. I definitely not use to all this attention...

"Uh...I scented some squirrel, over near the Pine Tree, I'm just gonna go...you guys go on ahead," I stuttered, backing out of the crowd in the opposite direction. I turned around and almost ran straight into Flamepaw, who had been the only one who hadn't been complementing me. She glared at me, and I continued, "Uh, yeah, you guys go on ahead, I'll catch up with you!" and with that, I darted away as fast as my three legs could take me.

\* \* \*



><p>I came back the next day to the cove with my own honey comb I had managed to steal from a group of bees. Yes, I got stung. No I had not gone to Brownwhisker...I didn't want to up his suspicion any more, right? I'll make up an excuse to him later. This time I had the idea of using the honey again, in the same way as before, but this time, I was planning on using pine needles to coat the outside of the honey, so nothing could stick to it.<p>

Did my plan work?

No.

First off, it hurt him pretty badly. His wounded tail did not appreciate sharp pine needles, and they didn't stick to the makeshift. So I promised again, that I would come up with something tomorrow. But, again, he wanted to repay with training. This time, he taught me the weakest part of a cat during an attack: the stomach. He showed me how to fight with this power, without hurting anyone, which I didn't want to do at the moment.

So of course, the next day, I used it to my advantage. My own mentor was going to be the prop today, and we all had to come up with some way, like last time, to drive him out.

While he was distracted with trying to chase the other apprentices, I hid behind a bush and waited for him to come running by. Flamepaw at that time, was attempting to battle him full on, and was doing a pretty good job, until he dodged one of her blows. Knowing how vulnerable she was at that point, she ran, with him chasing her. Just to my plan, she ran right by my bush, and so did Creekfoot.

3...

2...

1...

Now! I jumped out of my hiding spot behind the bush, and leaped at my mentor's side, sending him sprawling onto his back. I pinned him beneath me, and placed my good back leg on his stomach. Him knowing full well the power warriors had in their back legs, and their full force, Creekfoot surrendered, not wanting, even in a fake battle with claws sheathed, to get hurt. I smiled as I let him go.

After training was done, we went hunting. I, as usual, couldn't catch a mouse, so I had to sit by and watch the so called, 'real warriors' do the work. For the first time, the other apprentices didn't make fun of me when I came back to the group with no prey. I fell back to the back of the group as we walked back to camp, chattering amongst ourselves. I was lost in thought, so fell back even more than usual. Finally I was so far behind, I couldn't even see my clanmates anymore.

I sighed, hissing at myself for being so distracted, then ran as fast as I could to camp.

I entered, my ears pressed back in shame, and picked up a small trout from the top of the freshkill pile, and settled down. I had seen the

apprentices, talking to Flamepaw, like they normally are, while walking in. But suddenly when I sat down to eat, I was quickly surrounded, and not just by the apprentices, one or two warriors had come by to congratulate me.

I looked behind me to see Flamepaw staring at me with anger for stealing her spotlight. I gave her an apologetic look, I really didn't want to make her mad...she was a friendly cat, if a little headstrong, but I still didn't want to make her mad.

She looked away, still angry, and picked up her sparrow, moving to the Apprentices' Den.

\* \* \*

><p>I kept my promise to Toothless the next day, but this time, I managed to get the solution I needed at the cove. Once I was there, I scrapped Pine tree sap off the bark of The Pine Tree that was there, and I used that instead of honey. Too sticky, I could barley use my claws afterwards, so I was incapable of even testing it out on Toothless.<p>

But he still wanted to train with me...again.

This time he told me how to distract my enemy, and it works pretty well, too...

The next training exercise I had, I used my new skill. Sleakleaf was pretending to be another Shadowclan cat, and we had to create distractions. I think I could've been considered the master-of-distractions, now. I had a small, flat, and shiny pebble with me when we began training, and it was going to work well, I'm sure of it...

Suddenly Eaglepaw pounced forward, knocking Sleakleaf to the side. He overestimated the after effect though, because in a matter of seconds, she had him pinned. At this point I quietly picked up the stone in my teeth, the way Toothless had done it, and stood just on front of the Pine Tree. the sun's light gathered onto it, and it reflected onto the ground next to them.

I moved it around a bit, trying to catch their attention. Eaglepaw finally spotted it, and mewed, "What is that thing?" Sleekleaf turned to looked, and Eaglepaw wriggled away from her grasp. Sleekleaf, being completely distracted by the light, and why light was moving, I set the stone down onto the wet ground, and made sure it was still at the right angle so that it gathered the light.

The I snuck quietly around her like I did the other times, and I ambushed her from behind. The whole struggle ended with \_me\_ pinning \_her\_.

"Wow! He's better than you ever were!" I heard Eaglepaw mutter to Flamepaw. Uh oh...

I looked at her, and opened my jaw to apologize, but she walked away in a huff.

\* \* \*

><p>The next day I was walking down the path, carrying both honey and pine gum in my jaw. I walked down the path like I normally do, when suddenly a lighter scent enters my nose: Flamepaw.<p>

Maybe I can get a chance to apologize!

I followed her scent trail, which was mixed with anger, so it could be easily followed. Surprisingly, it was right down the path, as if she'd been following it. Suddenly fear enters my heart. \_Had she\_\_?\_ This just made me walk a bit faster, and pretty soon I was halfway to the Thunderpath, still following.

Suddenly a hiss sounded from the right of me, and I stopped just in time to look and see Flamepaw practicing her moves on a thing tree sapling. she ran forward and kicked off its soft bark so she practically flew off of it,

and landed right in front of me.

Well, sorta; she looked up to see me standing there. She squinted her eyes at the items I was carrying in my jaws, and I suddenly felt nervous. \_Is she suspicious?\_ I quickly trotted in the direction I was meant to go, but making the sharpest turn to hide behind a rock. I heard her light paw steps follow me, but suddenly stop as my scent trail veered. I heard her growl a bit, and I knew she lost me. I did a silent sigh before slipping away.

\* \* \*

><p>I made it to Toothless before sunset.<p>

He sat there, staring at the occasional fish that swam in the pond, and pawed at them. I muffled his name through the objects in my mouth, and he lifted his head to me. "Did my technique work again, today?" he asked. I nodded, the stuff still in my mouth, unable to speak.

I spat it out on the ground, and he moved his tail over to me, it now becoming a custom. I took out clawfull bits of honey, and plastered it on, and took the piece of bark i had, and scrapped out a bit of the pine sap, and smeared it on top of the honey. I didn't know whether the sap would help heal his tail or not, but for now, it was an option that I had taken.

The mix because sticky really fast, and I smeared it along the outside of the makeshift and real tail.

"That hurts!" Toothless complained. I guess the pine gum wasn't doing much to soothe pain. Oh well. I looked up to see him pawing at a dead fish that had floated up to the surface, and its stench was starting to smell. "I wouldn't eat that if I were you. That's crowfood." I mewed. He ignored me anyway, and took a bite of the fish. "Not half bad." He muttered through the mouthful. I gagged.

We waited a few more minutes before testing out the new tail. It was sticking really well, now all we needed to do is to learn how to use it. We walked over to the side wall, and I leapt up to a small ledge not far from the ground. "See if you can come up here. \_Without \_jumping." I stated. His eyes gave away the though it being easy enough. He placed his paws on the side of the wall and pulled up,

scrambling to the ledge.

"Great! Now, let's see if you can climb up there." I said, gesturing to a ledge much higher up. "Fine," he said defiantly. "but you're climbing too." "Fine, bossy-fur!" he snickered. We both placed our claws on the wall, and began to climb, using our tails as balance. I have to admit, it was harder than it looked without jumping.

Suddenly my bad leg (of course) started to cause my downfall. Literally. My right front paw began to slip, and I collided with Toothless, sending us both into a very short free fall. I landed on top of him, and he shoved me off, growling. "Nevermind. This time, you can climb if you want, but stay away from me!" I could tell he was joking, but I sighed. My leg always caused some sort of accident, and there wasn't anything I could do about it. I looked up at the sky; the first warriors of Silverpelt were beginning to show. "I should be heading back." I meowed, and began to climb up the wall.

Suddenly I was pulled back from the end of my tail, and sent down to the cove's ground again. I saw Toothless staring at me with a strange expression. "Toothless, what are you doing?" I asked. He tilted his head, ears back "I didn't do anything. You pulled my tail!" he accused. "Me? But you pulled my tail! Wait..." I looked down at our tails.

My tail must have collided with his when we fell, because ours were stuck together at the base. Ok, it was official: pine gum and honey make the stickiest mixture I've ever seen.

"Oh great..." I muttered. "You pull that way, I'll pull this way." Toothless suggested, backing up in the opposite direction. "Ok." I began walking away from him, and he doing the same. We didn't get far though. Our tails were stuck like branches on a tree. "Now what? You stay here until we can figure out what to do?" he asked. I looked at him, "I can't stay! My clan will wonder about me! No, I have to at least go back and show myself, then maybe sneak out later..." A plan started forming in my mind.

The black tom saw my expression, and an almost fearful look entered his face. "Oh no...this isn't another one of your crazy plans, is it?" he questioned. I smirked, "Sadly, it is." And with that, I told him my plan.

\* \* \*

><p>"Smallpaw." some warrior greeted me as they walked back to their den. I nodded my acknowledgment. I was hiding myself all the way at the back of the apprentice's den, my scent and Toothless's completely masked by a patch of wild garlic we managed to find and roll in on the way here. Speaking of Toothless, he was on the other side of the den, I having snuck in under the hole in the corner.<p>

I watched and waited as more warriors filled into the Warriors' Den, and I knew that by the sounds of heavy breathing, I'd be able to escape unnoticed, where I could figure out the solution to the predicament I was in. I felt Toothless's tail tug on mine, and I knew he was growing impatient. Well, he'd have to take it up just a little longer.

Suddenly, and voice questioned, "Smallpaw? Are you in here?"  
Flamepaw. Great, now's not the time for questions...

I smiled nervously as she walked in the Apprentices' Den with a scowl. "Oh! Uh, hey Flamepaw! Hi! I was just...um...resting! Yeah." I stuttered. Ok, now I was probably pretty obvious. She just scowled more in response. "I normally don't mind what others do, but you're acting weird!" She accused. Suddenly Toothless's tail jerked on mine, sending me back just a bit. I chuckled, trying to cover it, but she had noticed. "Well, weirder..." I tried to smile, showing my innocence, when suddenly Toothless pulled back harder, each time pulling me back a bit more. Finally he gave a huge tug which sent me flying straight out from under the hole in the den.

I heard Flamepaw's small gasps of surprise form back inside. \_Run. Run fast, now.\_ I didn't even look at Toothless, I just started running, which he did as well. We ran neck in neck, back to the Thunderpath as fast as our seven legs (combined) could take us.

\* \* \*

><p>"What. Was. That?!" I shouted at Toothless as we made our way into the cove. "Hey, I'm sorry I interrupted your talk with <em>Flamepaw</em>," He began with a chuckle. I just growled at him, and he continued, "but there was a...what-are-they-called? Group of cats?" he asked. "A patrol?" I suggested. "Yes, right. A patrol was coming through and they were heading right in our direction. I had no choice other than be spotted!" he explained. I sighed, "Flamepaw's probably spread the word about that strange incident, so I guess we can figure out what to do about our tails now." I muttered.

We walked down the path to the pond, and I splashed the water onto our tails in hoped of the liquid breaking it up. Toothless suddenly asked a strange question, "What's it with Flamepaw? You said she's been ignoring you all week. How come?" he asked as our tails began to loosen. "Well, before I was actually \_good\_ at any warrior training practices, she was always the best. The one who took the enemy down. But now, I sorta stole her spotlight...and she's a bit upset." I explained. I thought I heard him mutter the words, 'Sore loser', but I shook away the thought.

Finally the water became the antidote, and our tail became our own again. "Thank you, again, for the help." Toothless meowed, looking me in the eye. I nodded my thanks, before wishing him a good night and making my way back to camp.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>AN: Rushed at parts, I know, and sorry if there's any mistakes in grammar, capitalization, or spelling. I finished this at night, so...yeah.\*\*

\*\*Probably the longest chapter I've done, and I'm proud of it :) I named this chapter, Better Than You Ever Were, mostly because of Eaglepaw/Tuffnut's line, "Wow, he's better than you ever were!" to Flamepaw/Astrid. I thought it fit, but comment if you think otherwise.\*\*

\*\*You can see in this how I designed the whole "See You Tomorrow"

scene, and it was definitely rushed at parts, and I'm sorry. I think Dreamworks was actually trying to kill me with that one  
-,-\*\*

\*\*Either way, I hope you enjoyed the chapter, and that you have a wonderful rest of your day, viewers!\*\*

\*\*catz4eval01\*\*

## 11. Half Way There

\*\*A/N: It's the scene...\*\*

\*\*The scene I've been dreading to write...It's finally caught up with me...\*\*

\*\*...\*\*

\*\*..."Test Drive" (If you don't know this scene, you can find it on YouTube. Oh...too much flying!)\*\*

\*\*Well, I guess we'll see how this one turns out \*nervous chuckle\*. I hope you still like it, I seriously am trying my hardest to keep it like Warriors as best as I can.\*\*

\*\*Questions:\*\*

\*\*All Warriors Fans: Have you all gotten Tallstar's Revenge? It's amazing (like all of Erin Hunter's works)!\*\*

\*\*All HTTYD Fans: Have you all seen the HTTYD 2 Teaser? -I have no words to describe how I felt-\*\*

\*\*Disclaimer: (Is this the first I've put onto this story...?) I do not own How to Train Your Dragon or Warriors or their characters. All of that belongs to Erin Hunter, Dreamworks, and Cressida Cowell.

><strong>

\*\*On with the story! And Happy readin'!\*\*

\* \* \*

><p><span><strong>Half Way There<strong>

Creekfoot sat near the camp entrance, munching on a sparrow. He was one of the few left at camp...which wasn't a good thing. His ears alert for any sign of intruders, he silently picked up the sound of pawsteps outside the camp entrance. He uttered a hiss, and a low "Stay away, you flea-brained foxes!" He stood up and pushed away the rest of the sparrow when he scented a blood smell waver off the troop.

Falconstar and a group of warriors trudged into the camp, many heading straight for Brownwhisker's den. Creekfoot walked up to his leader, his old friend, and asked, "What happened? I thought you were just border patrolling." he questioned. Falconstar's eyes narrowed. "We were following a trail that proved Windclan was in our territory again...when a group of rouges attacked us. It wasn't a fair fight

either." he explained as he sat himself down by the freshkill pile. Creekfoot padded up and sat down next to him, and tilted his head, questioning, "Did you win?" he prodded his sparrow back over to finish.

Falconstar nodded. "Thankfully, yes." he picked a trout off the top of the pile.

Suddenly a small group of warriors padded over to them, made up of Deerleg, Snowpelt, and Finchstripe. "Congradulations!" Deerleg said to Falconstar as he picked his fill of the pile. "He's doing great at training!" Snowpelt said afterwards, as she waited for her two friends to choose their prey. "You should be proud!" Finchstripe said through a mouth full of water vole. The tree of them nodded their heads in respect, then padded off to another part of the camp to eat.

Falconstar looked at Creekfoot, wanting an explanation.

"Smallpaw. He did it again this morning while you were out. He's becoming a great warrior, if you ask me." he said. Falconstar smiled, digging into his trout. He looked up again suddenly, and asked, "How long has he been progressing?" "About a moon. Why?" Creekfoot answered. Falconstar looked down again, and asked seriously, "They've been training for at least 4 moons now, right?" Creekfoot nodded.

"Do you think you and their mentors could take them to the Moonpool?"

Creekfoot's eyes widened. "I...I guess. They need to visit it before they can become a warrior anyway." Falconstar smiled and nodded his thanks before picking up the rest to eat in his den.

\* \* \*

><p>Meanwhile, in the Cove, me and Toothless were attempting to learn how to use his new prosthetic 'properly'.<p>

Toothless was balanced on a large rock, a smaller one some ways in front of him. "Just take it nice and slow!" I called out from where I was in between the boulders. Toothless looked down at me, "I don't need a kit telling me what to do!" he replied.

My ears went back. "Hey! Just because I'm smaller, doesn't mean I-"

"It wasn't meant to offend."

"Oh."

"Remember position three! No, four!" I called out before I could stop myself. This time, Toothless looked forward again, pupils dilated and steady, posing for the rock in front of him. He moved his haunches a bit before leaping at the rock, moving steadily through the air over me, landing on the rock. He looked down at me with happiness. "You did it!" I congratulated. Toothless smiled with the teeth he had, when suddenly his paw slipped and he came falling down to the soft mossy ground below.

I trotted over to him and asked with worry, "Are you ok?" Toothless just nodded before getting himself back up. "Good. Follow me!" I said and bounded towards the next assignment I had planned. Toothless trudged behind me, still recovering from his fall. "Come on, it's go time!" I said excitedly, eager to see if any of my plans worked. "Well someone's jumpy today." Toothless muttered through a yawn and trotted to catch up with me.

"So what's this one?" Toothless asked as we walked to another end of the Cove. "If you can catch up, you'll see!" I said, and made a dash towards a few rocks from a small rock slide that went on a few days ago. Toothless growled and chased after me. Smirking, I stealthily moved through each one, using my tail whenever I had to jump over one. I looked behind me to see Toothless struggling, but still keeping up. I finished my part and waited for him on the other side.

Toothless clambered through, panting, as he finally made his way out. "Yes! It worked!" I whispered. "What...was that...for...?" he said between breaths. "To see how well you can maneuver." I explained with a smile. Toothless walked over to me and shoved me with his shoulder, sending me sprawling. "Sorry!" I apologized quickly, seeing how I may have angered him.

"Whatever." Toothless replied, sitting down. "We're not done yet!" I said happily, walking to the waterfall end of the Cove.

This side of the Cove was the tallest...perfect. I gestured with a flick of my tail to the one place next to the waterfall with the tree's overhang. "You have to climb up the wall, and up the side of the large Pine Tree." I explained. Toothless growled in annoyance, his ears twitching back. "Don't worry; I'm coming with you incase anything happens." I said limping over to the wall. "Like what?" he questioned as he followed, sitting down next to me.

I decided not to answer that.

"Well come on!" I said, getting myself up. I placed my front paws on the rock and outstretched my claws, waiting for him to do the same. He sighed in another show of annoyance, then mimicked me. I began to climb up the wall, and Toothless eagerly followed for once. Suddenly one of his paws slipped down a little, and he was sent back a few paces with a hiss of surprise. "Come on! You can do it!" The huge black tom shook his head, trying to clear whatever fright he may have had, then determinedly climbed up along side me. It was as almost as if we were in sync.

"Come one...come on..." I muttered to both myself and Toothless, my legs tiring from overuse. I do only have three to count on. With a struggle, I finally found my claws attached to bark: the Pine Tree!. With newfound excitement, I looked next to me to find Toothless looking just as eager. I ignored the aching in my claws as I continued upwards.

I found myself in the tree's branches Did I really climb that fast? I kept climbing when I finally decided to rest on the closest branch next to me. I sat there, panting. I looked down and saw Toothless collapsed on a branch, the tiring running through both of us. "Does that makeshift help any?" I asked. He looked up at me. "Yes. Yes it helps a lot." I smiled. "Good!"



I sat down, and began grooming my right paw, letting Toothless below me rest a bit. A small snap made my ears perk a bit.

I looked down to see the end on the branch where Toothless sat slowly snapping. "Toothless!" I hissed, warning him. He looked up at me in confusion, then had his head jerked at another sound of the branch breaking more. He yowled in alarm, and the branch broke entirely, leaving him pawing through air to hold onto something, anything.

I gasped, and immediately tried to stand up, making my leg stumble a bit. Out of all the times...

I suddenly slipped as well, and we were both falling, crashing into branches, desperately looking for something to hold onto. My claws snagged onto something, but they raked down the side of it, letting my have safety for only a few seconds before I was threatening a fall again. I looked down below me to see Toothless struggling to get onto a branch. His paws slipped, and I feared he'd fall again. But this time he turned around in his fall, and landed squarely onto the branch, and he did this from branch to branch, maneuvering his tail so he could keep balance, having memorized the positions in his head. I could see the smile on his muzzle from where I was hanging.

He finally jumped and landed on the lowest branch of the Pine Tree, panting. I climbed down a few branches, slowly, so I could see what was going on. He was panting, but his smile just kept getting wider, and wider.

"YES!" I cheered for him, happy that he'd learn how to move through trees with his tail. Thank you, Starclan! I prayed in my head. He looked up at me, and gave his own yowl of victory, which I joined in, for his sake. Suddenly I felt my paws jerk down. I looked back and saw the ends of the branch form cracks, that got bigger, and bigger...

"Come on..."

\* \* \*

><p>My eyes fluttered open. I slowly looked around at my surroundings, and realized I was in the Cove near the water, my face wet. "What...?" I muttered after a second. I looked up and saw Toothless standing over me, his paws wet as well. "You hit your head when you fell from the tree. I managed to carry you back down, ut you were out cold." he looked down at the water, "And water seems to wake unconscious cats pretty well." he explained.<p>

I groaned, trying to stand up. "Easy, pal." Toothless said, helping me up.

I saw a half eaten fish sitting next to us, and I looked at it with question. "Got hungry." Toothless explained. "You can have the rest though." he offered. I shook my head, "Uh, no thanks. I'm good." I responded. The smell of the fish starting to rot filled my nostrils. How long had I been out? I heard a loud bird call sound from above me, and a crow flew in, ignoring us and going straight for the fish. Toothless hissed at it, and ran forward to protect his food. I sat down to watch the scene play out, curling my tail around my paws, as more and more crows flew in, totaling up to 4.

One walked forward, trying to grab it, but Toothless darted his head at it, not letting it get near. While Toothless was distracted with that one, another managed to pick off a piece and eat it, scaring off another crow who tried to steal it from him. The black tom cat just glared at them with his green/yellow eyes.

suddenly one snuck up from the other side of him, and managed to take the entire fish out from under his paws. Toothless's head snapped back around, and he grabbed it, ending it with a quick tug of war with Toothless easily won. The crow cawed at him in anger, and Toothless lashed a paw out at him, scaring away both him and the other birds.

I stifled a \_mrrow\_ of laughter as Toothless nodded with approval of their leaving, and went back to eating his fish.

I stood up, and waved my tail in goodbye. "I should probably be getting back now. My clan might worry what's become of me." he nodded. "Bye Smallpaw!" he shouted as I scurried to the wall. "See you tomorrow!"

\* \* \*

><p>I sat down by the freshkill pile that night, prodding a mouse with my claw, not eating much. I was reviewing the day in my head, completely distracted.<p>

So distracted, you could say, that I didn't even hear the pawsteps come up next to me until the cat coughed to get my attention. I jerked my head around to them "Father! You- You're back! How was the dawn patrol...? Creekfoot's not here, he went hunting, so..." I trailed off. Falconstar's dark eyes locked with mine, "I'm not here to speak with Creekfoot, I'm here to speak with you."

I gulped. My father always had a way to scare me...

"Y-You are?" I stuttered. He nodded. "You've been keeping secrets." he said. Fear engulfed me, making its way to my heart and making me hold back a shudder of terror; how did he know? "I- I have?" I tried to cover for it.

"How long did you think you could hide it from me, Smallpaw?"

I felt close to a breakdown, honestly. I've broken the Warrior code in a way, I'm sure, and now my father knew? Still, if I could just managed to pull it off... I shuffled my feet in anxiety. "I don't know...what you're talking about-" I tried to lie again, before he interrupted me by meowing "Nothing happens in this Clan without me hearing about it." I gulp again. He pawed a vole from the top of the pile, and took a bite, saying, "So let's talk."

"Oh Starclan, Falconstar, I'm so sorry! I-I was going to tell you, but I just didn't know..." I trailed off again, my head hung low. Suddenly I heard something, I looked up and saw him laughing! He meowed with laughter, and I started to get nervous. "So you're not...upset?" I questioned.

"What? I was hoping for this!" he said, a smirk still on his muzzle. What...? "You were...?" I questioned. He nodded, taking another bite

of his vole. "Just wait until you're in your first battle! You'll know just what to do! Ah, Creekfoot's taught you well, he has. And to think that you weren't capable!" he laughed again, completely oblivious to my feeling and in his own world.

"You know, Smallpaw, will you doing so well, I think we finally have something to talk about." He said, again oblivious. An awkward and anticipated silence settled between us. I opened my jaws to speak, but closed them again, unsure of what to say. he looked at me when I did so, as if expecting me to say something, before looking away again.

Suddenly my father's eyes widened, and he opened his mouth to speak. "Oh! I, uh, I forgot to tell you something. Creekfoot and the mentors are taking you and the other apprentices to the Moonpool tomorrow." he said matter-of-factly. My eyes widened, and my tail swished with excitement. How could he have forgotten to tell me this?

Another awkward silence settled. All I could think about now was the trip to the Moonpool. I looked back up to my father, and realized that we still had nothing to talk about. So I faked a yawn.

"I should really, get some sleep...big day tomorrow..." I muttered. He nodded. "Yes, good talk, well, uh good night." he muttered, and we both muttered our goodnights, before he picked up his vole and headed back into his den.

I let out my breath that I didn't know I was holding. My paws tingled with excitement. I quickly ate my mouse, then trotted back to the den, wondering whether the other apprentices knew.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>AN: Ta Da! And that \*says in best Hiccup voice\*was the conclusion of Chapter Eleven in the Warriors & HTTYD Crossover, My Life, "Half Way There"\*

\*\*\*Clears throat\* You're probably wondering why this chapter's called, "Half Way There" No, no I'm not counting down the chapters left if that's what you're wondering. Where's the fun in that? I'm having fun with writing this story, and I wouldn't want to anticipate it's ending! D:\*\*\*

\*\*No, the reason is because Toothless has finally learned half of what he needed with his new prosthetic. Climbing trees is only half of it.\*\*

\*\*Did you like it? hate it? Have a suggestion? Leave a review!\*\*\*

\*\*I hope you enjoyed my chapter, and that you have a great rest of your day, viewers!\*\*\*

\*\*~catz4eva101\*\*

## 12. The Moonpool

\*\*A/N: Hello once again, viewers! 'Cause that's what I'm gonna call you from now on (pardon the grammar). I got one thing to say:\*\*\*

**\*\*WARNING:** Nothing in this chapter happens in the movie. I had to let them go to the MoonPool because otherwise Smallpaw wou-...oops. Almost spoiled it...heh...\*\*

**\*\*Got one other thing to say.** You know in the ending of the first chapter, there was that cat with blue eyes? How many of you think that's Flamepaw...? *\*evil smile\** It may be her...it may not be her...I guess you'll have to find out...\*\*

**\*\*This may consist of two to three chapters,** this trip they're going to take. I want to explain it in a little detail, but without it being that long chapter no one wants to read. So yes, expect more chapters (only two or three. Probably only this and the next one though) on this trip.\*\*

**\*\*Well,** as you all know, the magnificent movie How To Train Your Dragon, nor the amazing books Warriors, belong to me. At all. We all should be glad, because otherwise they would not be so magnificent or amazing.\*\*

**\*\*Now, let's read on!\*\***

\* \* \*

><p><span><em><strong>The MoonPool<strong>\_

The sunshine seeped through the shelter of the Apprentice's Den, and settled on my short fur warmly. My ears twitched at the sound of cats talking, and I opened my eyes blankly. I yawned, standing up and arching my back to stretch.

"Good, you're up, Smallpaw." I heard Creekfoot mew from outside the den. My brain suddenly snapped to the reality of the events of the day, and I was instantly shaken out of any drowsiness I still had.

"When do we get to go to the Moonpool?" I asked, fully excited. I dashed out of the den and saw the other apprentices were already awake. Our mentors were all sitting near the freshkill pile, each talking randomly. Probably about the trip.

I spotted Falconstar sitting near his den, eating a vole. I could tell from his expression, even from where I was sitting, that he was worried. Sending off 12 cats, even if some are apprentices, was a lot. The camp needed all the guarding it could get.

"Go get something to eat, it'll be a long trip there." My mentor meowed into my ear. I nodded, then padded off to join the others near the pile. I picked up a prey from the top, and sat down some ways off; I didn't really want to be bombarded with questions again.

But, that never happens anymore.

The other apprentices came over to sit by me, which I would've enjoyed any day, but now I had too much on my mind to answer stuff. I looked to see that Flamepaw had ignore me again, and was facing away from me. I turned my head away.

My 'friends' started to ask me questions and comment on stuff like

usual, but I toned them out. I just wanted to finish my mouse. I almost wanted it to be back to the way it was before...almost. Not quiet. Finishing up my mouse, I walked back to Creekfoot, who was eating off to the side.

"Eager are we?" He teased, his ear flicking. I nodded, not wanting to lie. "When do we go?" I asked again. Creekfoot sighed with annoyance, and replied, "Not for a few hours. Until then, you should rest. It's a long walk there." I sat down, and sighed. What was I supposed to do? Falconstar wouldn't send me out on a patrol, it'll waste my energy.

Suddenly my ears perked with an idea. Standing up awkwardly, I said to my mentor as an excuse, "I uh, I'm gonna go take a walk. Clear my mind a bit." And I trotted to the entrance without waiting for him to reply.

\* \* \*

><p>I dashed around the camp, quickly sprinting through the marshy, reed filled land. I looked up at the sun, I should have at least an hour to talk before Creekfoot starts questioning my location. I just had to tell Toothless!<p>

My three paws skidded against the new grass away from the waters as I neared the river, turning away. I ran for another few minutes, trying to find my way with my head so clogged it should've been weighing me down. After another minute or so, I finally found the Thunderpath, in all its stinking stench filled self. I gagged at the smell, then tried to block it out as I stepped onto the hard rock. Another step. I was fully on.

I was about to make a mad dash across when a sudden roaring filled my ears and the ground shook.

Oh no...

A Monster.

With a hiss and squeal of terror, I scrambled off the path and hid behind the bushes behind me. My ears slammed against my skull, and I closed my eyes and curled up into a tight ball, trying to be as invisible as possible. \_Please it doesn't see me! Starclan please don't let it see me!\_

It ran right by, not giving me a care in the world. I let out a shaky breath, thanking my prayer, and waited a moment before standing up again. I stepped back onto the black ground, and ran as fast as my legs could carry me. I skidded to a halt once I made it to the other side, panting out of fear. That was close...

Too close.

I quickly turned and ran as far as I could from the path, hoping to not have to deal with it again for the day.

\* \* \*

><p>I ran for a little more, before the residue of fear finally left me. What was left was the remembrance that I was going to the

Moonpool today! My nerves suddenly started to act up. What if StarClan doesn't like me? What if they made me like...this...just to prove it? What if they don't like that I'm friends with Toothless? What if, because of it, they won't accept me when I die...?<p>

Well, I was going to prove them wrong. I am a good cat. It's perfectly fine to be friends with Toothless. He's a cat too, you know! Sure, he's a rouge, but the Warrior Code says it's ok to have friendships with cats from other clans! Even though he's not in a clan...he was in his own group, if I remember him telling me correctly! That has to count!

My confidence back up, I sprinted my way to the Cove.

I finally stopped when I reached the top of the cave-in, my paws sliding a little. Smiling with excitement, I yowled out into the open air, "Toothless?" I was replied with a "I'm over here, Smallpaw!" from one corner of the lake. Making my way down, I jumped over rocks until I reached the dirt ground. I trotted over to him, who was currently posing his paw over the lake, trying to fish.

"Hey Toothless! Guess what-"

"Be quiet!\_ You'll scare the fish!" He hissed at me, rolling his eyes with his ears back. I sat down quietly, flicking my tail to show my apologies. We sat there a moment as the huge tom stared intently at the water, until just the right moment...then...

**\*\*\_Splash!\_\*\***

Long, sharp, white claws grew out of his paws, and flashed for a moment in the sunlight before hitting the water. I was slightly stunned by their length, they were huge! It made me feel like a kit again, knowing that Toothless was even more now someone who you did not want to get in a fight with.

I tried not to flinch with fear, but I did anyway, due to the cowardly side of me.

His claws moved around in the water for a moment, before they sprang back out with a fish in his claws. I gasped in surprise. The fish wobbled around on the ground before Toothless killed it with a bite to the neck, his teeth sinking past its scales. He sat back to admire his catch. "Wow..." I muttered. "How'd you do that?" I questioned. He shrugged. "Where I come from, we uh...have a better supply of fish than mice and...stuff." was his reply.

It was my turn to shrug.

"So, you come to give me a new exercise to tire me out again? Or is it something else; you looked a little jumpy coming in here." Toothless asked, before digging into the fish. I took in a shaky breath. "I'm going to the Moonpool today!" I exclaimed, doing a little jump. His head lifted from his fish, bits of it on his muzzle. Swiping a tongue across to get rid of the remains, he asked, "What's the Moonpool?"

Shock struck me. Of course he wouldn't know! "The Moonpool is the place where Medicine cats and the Leaders go to share tongues with

StarClan. Apprentices have to go before they're made into Warriors. Which means me and the others will be Warriors soon! I think..." I looked up from the ground. Toothless was washing his paws, completely oblivious to the importance of the situation. Finally he put his paw down, and smiled. "I'm happy for you, my friend. This sounds like it's very important to both you and to your clan. I wish you the best of luck." he said.

I nodded my thanks, when suddenly a sentence from him entered my mind. "So...we are friends?" I asked. Toothless nodded, "You've helped me with my tail, and I've helped you with your training. And you saved my life. I'd consider us friends." he said, before cuffing my ears playfully.

I laughed. As I've probably said before, I've really never had a friend, and as it turns out, friends are fun!

\* \* \*

><p>We chatted a bit more, before I looked up to see the sun directly overhead. My clan mates may wonder what's become of me.<p>

I yawned and stretched, my smaller claws sliding out from their sockets. "Well, thanks for the chat, Toothless. I really needed someone to talk to." I said as my nerves started up again. He smiled and nodded, "You're welcome."

I picked myself up and made my way to the edge of the Cove, climbing up the stone walls. When I reached the top, I looked back down to see Toothless eating the remains of the fish, a smile plastered on his face. I smiled as well before I turned around and made my way back to my camp.

\* \* \*

><p>I was running, wasting my energy pretty fast. It always been much harder to run for me, but I've never let that stop me.<p>

I dashed through the wet reeds and grass when I came upon the Thunderpath. Quickly dashing over, I made it to the other side just as I heard a rumbling in the distance. I ran faster that time, now scared that it would see me. Only a few minutes later did I make it to the border of the camp. I was panting, and ready to collapse. But I regained myself, my excitement giving me strength.

I scrambled around the camp, and into the entrance.

The first thing I saw was the other apprentices gathered with their mentors, one or twos' tails flicking with annoyance. With confusion I made my way to them. Suddenly a paw prodded my side. "Smallpaw, where have you been?" I turned around to see Creekfoot glaring at me, sitting down with his tail wrapped neatly around his paws. He sniffed the air, "And what's that smell you have on you? I don't recognize it." he stated. Suddenly my mind went blank. He could smell rouge! The rouges we normally see never look like they clean themselves much, so their scent can latch onto you quickly. Toothless seemed to clean himself much more than the others, but nothing can mask the smell of rouge.

"Oh! I uh...I was uh...out on a walk when I scented a rouge trail!

Yeah! I was following it, thinking I could beat whoever the scent was from, since you're always telling me how good at battle I am, but It went away...so I'm late." I thought up quickly, the words spilling from my jaws. Creekfoot closed his eyes and sighed. "Smallpaw, you're not ready yet to attack a full grown rouge. You should've come and reported it to your father!" he said, shaking his head.

"I-I'm so sorry. You're right, what was I thinking?" I stuttered, before averting everyone's eyes. "Well, go get something to eat. You need all the energy for the trip you have currently set us back in time for." my mentor accused before going to chat with another Warrior outside the Warrior's Den.

I sighed out of relief, then turned and padded to the freshkill pile. I took a quick glance at the other apprentices. They were chatting amongst themselves. Well, all of them except Flamepaw. My ears went back; she was staring at me, and from the look in her eye I could tell she could see right through my lie...

I quickly looked away.

I hurriedly picked a shrew from the top of the pile, and trotted to the Apprentice's Den to eat. I turned my back to the others, wanting the company of only myself for a minute.

As I bit in the shrew, Flamepaw's glare bured through my brain. She couldn't know...could she? She was always the best at everything before I was, she could've followed me at some point after that whole scene where I \_practically busted through the back of the Apprentices' Den!\_ I silently growled at myself. No. She has no way of knowing about Toothless, and that's final.

Finishing my shrew, I walked back over to the group, confident not to let suspicion overcome me.

Creekfoot walked back over, finished with his talk. "Alright, youngsters. I think it's about time we left." he said, rolling his eyes when some of us (not me...) squealed with delight. Flicking his tail for us to follow, we formed a line -myself ending up at the back of the line, no question there- behind the mentors as we walked out of the camp. My heart suddenly lodged itself in my throat; I was going to meet...\_Starclan\_. Our ancient Warrior Ancestors. I think I may have made a sound of excitement, because I heard a snicker somewhere in the front of the line.

I didn't care though. They can make fun of me all they want, nothing was going to bring down my excitement. Not today.

\* \* \*

><p>Soon we were out of our territory, and making our way up to the Greenleaf Twoleg place. RiverClan's camp is the farthest away from the Moonpool then all the other Clans, making our trip take the longest, but I didn't mind. Not one bit.<p>

Our paws were silent against the soft grass, making us look more like a hunting party then a group going to visit our ancestors.

As we exited over our border, the tips of my claws tingled with excitement. I'd never been outside of the RiverClan territory! Well,



other then going to see Toothless. Once we were over, we parted from our line and formed more of a stretched out group. "Woah..." I breathed, as I turned to my right, looking over the huge lake, only just being able to see the territories on the other side. I walked up to stand next to Creekfoot, still staring out at the water.

"That over there, that territory's Windclan. They live in those hills." he said. I squinted, staring out at the other side of the water, and I could just managed to see the small plains. "This is amazing, Creekfoot!" I turned to look at him. He smiled at me, "Just wait till you see the full territories. We'll be walking right by them." he said.

I smiled back. I'm pretty sure my walk became faster with my excitement, and my ears had a sudden perk. This was turning out to be the best day yet!

\* \* \*

><p><strong>AN: I don't like the ending to this chapter, but oh well.\*\*

\*\*I am sorry about any grammar/spelling/punctuation errors.\*\*

\*\*Like it? Hate it? Leave a review!\*\*

\*\*I hope you enjoyed this segment, and that you have a wonderful rest of your day!\*\*

\*\*~catz4eva101\*\*

### 13. And Stay Out!

\*\*A/N: Yes yes, I've changed my Pen Name to Berk'sWarrior. Wanted a combination between Warriors and HTTYD (plus I was starting to sincerely dislike my old one...)\*\*

\*\*I APOLOGIZE FOR HAVE THIS COME SO LATE (It's science fair time at my school -, -)!\*\*

\*\*\*cough\* So anyway, have I got a treat for all of you! Sorta. Well, this chapter's interesting, if that's treat enough for you. Comparing to my other chapters/stories/randomwrittingthatIneverlike.\*\*

\*\*As usual, this is rushed and not the best in written standards. But hey, it's what I do best...\*\*

\*\*Uh...yeah. Anyway, read on! And, by the way, Happy late Halloween and Thanksgiving (to all you Americans)! Hope you enjoy!\*\*

\* \* \*

><p><span><strong>"And Stay Out!"<strong>

"Now, Smallpaw, it's very simple. You just look and scent for Twolegs. If you see, hear, or scent none, then it's ok to dash across."

\_ 'I know, I've crossed the Thunderpath many times. I'm sure a

halfbridge is not much different.' \_ I thought to myself as my mentor's words were whispered into my ears. Of course, I'd never say it out loud. Ever.

All I could practically hear was my own heart thudding in my ears as I casted a worried glance at the opposite end of the wooden path. The other apprentices were paying no attention to me myself, but to what I was about to do. I sucked in a breath as Creekfoot dashed across from behind me, leaving me alone on the other side. \_ 'Come on. You can do this. There's nothing to fear.' \_ I could almost hear my mother's words over my beating heart.

The thought only brought a wave of sadness over me.

I remembered her face, her expression of fear \_and\_ courage, both for me. My head pounded with the memory of her and the rouge, attacking each other mercilessly...and I remember her limp body that was carried into camp.

What I didn't remember was what I did after I saw her. All I know is that I was running. Hard and fast. My father said I seemed to go blank for a moment, my body going rigid. He said that after a moment of dead silence I scrambled to my paws and shoved my way out of the clearing as fast as I could.

The rest I already knew.

I shook my head to clear the though as I heard my name called out on the opposite side, trying to catch my attention again. I let out a breath I didn't know I was holding, before placing a shaky paw onto the wood. "It's smaller than a Thunderpath. It will be fine. Absolutely fine." I muttered to myself as I brought another paw forward. With no warning to the others I shot out and ran across the wood, my paws making thudding noises against the hard surface.

I didn't stop running until I had reached the other side, stumbling off the wood. I was panting, my eyes half closed for the moment. I quickly recovered and the group trudged on, our hearts still slightly pounding from the adrenaline. My senses reached forward and I was now alert by the fact that a different scent had begun to creep into my nose. Keeping close to the water lapping at the edge of the dirt and sand mixture, I kept my ears fixed on the pine forest next to us. I tried my hardest to remember what Clan was associated with pine trees.

"That's ShadowClan over there," Creekfoot said amongst the silence, "Fiercest bunch of cats I know - other than RiverClan. But that's besides the point." He turned his head to look at all of us as he padded his way forward to be the leader of the group once again. "What matters most is that we don't meet any warriors along our way."

I nodded, along with the rest of the apprentices.

Cherryfall padded up beside us, her ears pricked and a smirk showing on her muzzle. "I heard," she began mysteriously, "That ShadowClan warriors are so vicious because their entire camp is incased in shadows, turning their hearts to stone." She chuckled when Fishpaw's ears went back. Before we could question it, Kestrelwing trotted up from behind us, startling us a bit and said, "Once, back in the

Forest before the Clans moved to the Lake, ShadowClan had a leader named Brokenstar. Rumors say he was so vile and cold hearted that he banished his own mother from the Clan, and stole a few of ThunderClan's kits right from the nursery!" he whispered. I could feel my own ears start to twitch back; that was horrible! Instead I shook my head and kept a straight face. They were just trying to scare us.

We kept walking along the lake's edge, each of us now secretly paranoid of even going near ShadowClan territory. My paws started to ache from walking so long, and the weight of my left leg was starting to drag me down more than usual. I quickly looked in front of me at the apprentices, and saw that they were beginning to get tired as well. \_'How much farther? Does StarClan \_want \_us to pass out before we reach them?'\_

My eye lids were slowly starting to droop, distracting me and getting me out of focus. Suddenly, I crashed into the apprentice in front of me who had halted without warning, Thornpaw. Just my luck. "Hey! Watch where you're going, runt!" he spat, all admiration from my training gone at the moment. I snorted, "Why'd you stop then?" His ears went back, "The mentors found something up front, pay attention and you may not miss a thing or two." he retorted. I tried to not let him get to me as I shifted to look at what had caused the commotion. The mentors were huddled around something in the sand. As I turned my head farther to try and see what was happening, a terrible stench filled my nostrils.

"Ugh, what \_is \_that?" I muttered.

"Frog." someone answered. I turned my head to look at who had replied, and found Flamepaw some ways ahead. She was staring along with the mentors, her nose slightly upturned at the sight. Her deep blue eyes were criticizing whatever was making that awful stench, and her yellow fur slightly bristled. I padded forward and looked past the mentors to see a mangled body of a brownish colored creatures, it's small limbs webbed and caked with blood. I too curled my nose in disgust. "Well done Flamepaw. You've certainly got your enemies' prey down." Cherryfall murmured. Even in my peripheral vision I could tell Flamepaw straightened a bit with pride.

"Why are we so focused on a frog?" Eaglepaw questioned from somewhere to the right. Creekfoot sighed, "Because it was killed only a while ago, which means there's probably a patrol out."

His words sent chills down my spine. No one wanted to meet a ShadowClan patrol. Sensing our discomfort, Creekfoot said, "There shouldn't be anything to worry about. As long as we keep moving, we won't get caught here." My heart rate slowed down with his words, us all knowing he was right.

"Won't get caught, eh?" A voice said behind us.

They were so quiet we hadn't heard them coming. My guess was the pine needles softened their footsteps. We all jerked around to see a patrol of five ShadowClan warriors standing there, muzzles drawn to a slight snarl and claws unsheathed. My eyes widened; they were \_huge!\_ I probably looked like a mouse to them! I tried to focus on the other apprentices with my ears, but from the fear scent stirring up around me I couldn't.

A black tom who seemed to have been leading the patrol walked forward, his eyes filled with amusement as if we've done something he'd been waiting for. "Smokefoot" I heard Shiningbrook mutter. "Ah, finally. A reason to go back to camp. It's been pretty boring recently, what with the battle against the Dark Forest over and the Clan at peace with each other." 'Smokefoot' began. Cherryfall's ears went back, "Now, there's no reason for an attack, we're just-" she began, but the tom interrupted her by saying "Heard that a few rouges found their way near RiverClan territory, am I right?" Kestrelwing's eyes narrowed. "How would you have heard about that?" he accused. Smokefoot only smirked. "Rumors. But judging from your reaction I'd say I was correct." The four warriors behind him snickered.

Redwillow, who had been silent the whole trip, began to open her mouth to speak when Smokefoot sniffed the air and cut her off. "Is that...frog?" he muttered. He pushed past the mentors and looked down at the mangled frog body, and his snarl twisted into another smirk. He chuckled. "Well, it seems you've broken the truce; catching prey on another Clan's territory! Way to go RiverClan!" he said sarcastically as he nudged the frog with a claw.

"We did not catch this! We're on our way to the Moonpool, and we found it lying here!" Redwillow finally managed to get across. Smokefoot turned to look at her, "Where's the proof? Show me you didn't catch this." he snarled. Redwillow looked at Creekfoot, who was still, admittedly, the oldest one in the group. Smokefoot sneered. "Still relying on this old elder, are you all? Look at him, he can't even walk on two feet! It's a miracle he can even stand up straight!" he joked. This time it was my ears that slammed against my skull. I tried to keep my anger in, but a quiet growl escaped me, and I saw the tom's ears flick. He turned to look at me, and suddenly his eyes lit up with amusement.

"Are...are you kidding me? You - RiverClan is trying to train at kit who can't even walk properly? What is it with you cats and loosing limbs' ability?" he cackled. The four warriors in his group laughed with him. I opened my mouth to defend myself, but not a word came out, only a squeak. This made them laugh even harder. "Ha! This is pathetic! A kit who can't walk or talk! Gosh, RiverClan, this is just embarrassing!" "Now you listen here you-" Creekfoot snarled, but another russet furred, ShadowClan tom with a seemingly long scar down his back commented "You wouldn't find kits like those in ShadowClan."

"Then I'm glad to be part of RiverClan." I finally managed to spit out. The five ShadowClan warriors looked at me with brief shock before, one by one, they're shock turned into anger. Smokefoot growled, before ordering, "Come with me!" He flicked his tail, signaling the other warriors. They circled around us, pushing us together. I could hear the other apprentices mew in confusion, and I heard Redwillow snarl " You can't take us! We're just heading to the Moonpool! It's against the Code! We're less than two foxtails away from the border!"

Smokefoot and his warriors chose to ignore her. "Come on, move!" I heard a warrior behind me shout, and I felt my good leg get thrown out from under me, causing me to crash into the cat in front of me. "Watch it!" I heard their voice snarl softly. I opened my eyes and

dizzily, look up to see that I crashed into Flamepaw. She looked down at me with a look of disgust, her pupils turned to slits. I smirked sheepishly, my ears going slightly back with embarrassment. She rolled her eyes before picking up her paw up that I had apparently been stepping on. I stood up and sighed before being prodded forward again, this time much lighter as if not to knock me down again.

I could vaguely heard the mentors complaining, but my fear and stress level was so high at the moment that I couldn't think straight. I felt like prey being lead right into the jaws of a predator. I could tell that, in a way, I was.

We were lead into the forest and the scent of pine flooding my nose, making me dizzy. I hissed in pain every time my paws stepped on a sharp needle amongst the many on the forest floor - I could tell that my paws were going to be plenty sore when we finally got back to camp. \_'That is \_if \_we ever get back to camp...' \_I thought glumly. We trudged on for a while longer before the scent of other cats filled my scent glands, and my heart leapt into my throat.

What if they were as hostile as the mentors say they were? What if they attack us? What if they never let us leave? The silly thoughts flew through my mind as we neared the camp, my heart pounding faster and faster as we neared. We pushed through the barriers of the camp and I fell faint from the sight. All around, ShadowClan cats stopped what they were doing and turned to look at us, some eyes already going hostile.

I gulped as we walked forward to the center of the camp, our escorts giving us no room to spread away from each other. I could hear the rumors and whispers spreading around the cats in the clearing.

"What is the meaning of this?" a voice called out from somewhere behind us. Turning around, we saw a black cat with big white paws, glaring at the patrol. "We found these trespassers from RiverClan over the border!" One of the warriors shouted. If my ears could've gone farther back, they would've. Creekfoot stepped forward, pushing past the escorts. "We did \_not\_ trespass! We were on our way to the Moonpool, and we'd like to continue our journey, if you don't mind." he said in a huff.

"Then how do you explain the frog?" someone shouted.

The cat's ears went back. "What frog?" he questioned. His voice held power, and made me cower slightly. Not a lot...just a little. I watched as our mentors explained the situation, my heart thudding in my ears and drowning out sounds. I saw his expression loosen a little, as if he believed us. The I realized he was staring at someone.

Me.

I wrapped my tail around my leg protectively; why does everyone stare at \_me? \_What did I do?

He took his eyes away from me and sighed. He waited a moment longer, as if teasingly making us wait. Finally he spoke. "I believe you." he said. We all let out breaths of relief while the ShadowClan cats yowled in protest. Our reactions were stopped when he suddenly spoke

again, "But, if you are ever spotted near freshly killed prey again, I won't be so forgiving."

I could hear one of the apprentice's gulp. I couldn't blame them, I was nervous too. Thankfully Redwillow stepped up for us. "Thank you, Blackstar. We'll be on our way now." she said, and we turned to leave when two warriors blocked our path. I heard the leader chuckle behind us, and I could sense he wasn't as friendly as he was letting on. "You can't mean that you'll be going alone, surely. The warriors that brought you here will escort you out of our territory." and with that, the warriors crowded us together again.

I was starting to really dislike ShadowClan.

We were lead across the prickly forest of pine needles once we left the camp, and nobody made a sound. They turned us to the left at some point in our hasty trip, away from the lake. I didn't question it though. After a while I could scent a change in the air; we were out of ShadowClan territory. I looked around and saw that they had lead us right to the edge of ThunderClan territory. My ears went back and one of us protested.

"You can't leave us here! ThunderClan will do the same thing!" I heard Kestrelwing shout. Out of the corner of one of my eyes I saw a warrior shrug.

"Fine. But if you want to leave without getting caught by ThunderClan, you'll have to run through our territory to get to the lake. We'll give you thirty seconds, and a five second head start. We're feeling kind of gracious today, fortunately for you." he said. Confusion ran through me, and I muttered something under the lines of "Wha...?" Shiningbrook growled, "And what happens if we can't make it?"

"Then we take you back to Blackstar and say you tried to hunt again."

Shiningbrook growled again. "You can't do that!" she yowled. Smokefoot came forward and said maliciously, "Just because Blackstar doesn't think you killed that prey, doesn't mean that we don't. If you're going to catch what's rightfully ours, well - we find no other option but to treat you the same. Start running."

None of us waited. We sprinted to our right, and kept going. After a moment I heard the ShadowClan warriors start to chase after us.

\* \* \*

><p><em>"And stay out!"<em>

A harsh shove sent me sprawling to the ground in front of my clanmates, and I felt like giving up a bit. Of course I was the last one to find my way out, and manage to be slower then the rest. Without saying anything, I stood up and we started walking forward: near the border of ThunderClan.

StarClan please don't let that happen again!

\* \* \*

><p><strong>AN: Yeah...that was very un-warrior like to have the ShadowClan cats do that...(but I wanted a chase scene...)\*\*

\*\*This way, way too rushed.\*\*

\*\*And quite poorly written.\*\*

\*\*Next chapter may be more interesting.\*\*

\*\*I'm sorry to keep you waiting so long\*\*

\*\*-Berk'sWarrior\*\*

End  
file.